

# Saturday Night

Canada's Magazine of Business and Contemporary Affairs

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New Machine Age: Can Schools Catch Up?



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MALTA

# Saturday Night

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## INSIDE STORY

**THE COVER:** Technical education for Canadian youth.

In this issue SATURDAY NIGHT takes a look at EDUCATION FOR TOMORROW with special emphasis on the growing demands of the age of automation for technically trained personnel. Analysing the shortage of technicians, **Paul Nowack**, one-time SN staff member, examines the relationship of the technologist to the engineer, tells what Provincial Governments are doing to provide training, and relates the success story of Toronto's Ryerson Institute of Technology, one of the largest, most respected of such institutions. **Raymond Rodgers**, SN's Montreal contributing editor, reports on the situation in Quebec Province where 50 per cent of fifteen-year-olds now go directly from school to unskilled labor. Hope lies in the expansion of the Special Education scheme and the *Instituts de Technologie* under Youth Minister **Paul Gérin-Lajoie** to provide the necessary technically-trained youth for which a great demand exists—all this despite a lukewarm approach on the part of Quebec's famed classical colleges who have no desire to become technical junior colleges. **Dr. Murray Ross**, President of York University, Canada's newest senior educational institution which opens its doors this Fall, was given some time ago, an opportunity for close inspection of China's program for higher learning. The planning, execution and size of the undertaking is amazing and, to Western eyes, alarming. Dr. Ross describes the system with its emphasis on residential living and hard work and its current priority for engineers and teachers.

**Dr. Graham George**, Head of the Department of Music at Queen's University and known to SN readers for his urbane reporting, was assigned to cover the musical portion of this year's Vancouver International Festival. His pithy comment deals generally with major events and specifically with the appearance of Canadian pianist Glen Gould.

Continuing his travels abroad, Contributing Editor **John Gellner** brings off an especially arranged and unusual direct interview with the Pretender to the Throne of Spain — the Count of Barcelona, **Don Juan de Bourbon**, — whom he regards as "the personified future of Spain". The Pretender — who discounts any possibility of his son **Don Carlos** taking over the throne — would like to become head of the State while dictator **Franco** "still has the spurs on his boots".

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## Letters

### "If You Can't Sell . . ."

I have just read your most interesting article on the automotive industry in your August 6 issue and would like to tender my congratulations.

Naturally, I am inclined to a sympathetic view of anything written in support of the further development of small-car (another word for imports) ownership in this country, but entirely aside from that, I admire factual and convincing writing such as you have produced in this article.

I particularly liked your reference to "if you can't sell apples, then you should make it as difficult as possible for anyone else to sell oranges". Similarly, the beer industry might be assisted through a substantial increase in the duty and cost of scotch whisky or the salmon industry through an increase in the price of caviar!

TORONTO

C. N. GALER

### What's Really Wrong

Further to your article in the August 6th issue I would like to see if we Canadians could possibly solve the automotive industry's problem for them; at least in part . . .

Let us, for example, look at the biggest threat to the industry, the Volkswagen. Why is it selling so well? It is the ugliest appearing car to hit this market, but the price is not very far below the North American compacts. It lasts longer than our cars because it is far more rugged, and hasn't got the weight to wear out parts, brakes, and tires. The gas consumption is not much lower than on our compacts, but, the body tends to last much longer on this and all foreign imports than it does on the domestic models. The Volkswagen body is much heavier in thickness, better treated to prevent rust, and has an excellent paint finish.

The body on the Corvette (which is of fibreglass) is the only one that will stand up for a suitable length of time. The body on the American autos has been known to rust out in as little as two months. Many of our foreign-car-owning friends and I agree that if Canadian car bodies were of fibreglass, aluminum, or even efficiently rust-proofed, this would promptly put a halt to the majority of the import sales.

Our cars could be a little more rugged mechanically, but, on the whole, they

are as good, and in some cases better than the imports. The body would be the main improvement. As far as the so-called gadgets are concerned, you can take or leave them because they are optional extras designed to suit the individual new car buyer's taste.

The North American industry definitely has the advantage over foreign companies in selling cars, for the simple reason that Canadians would prefer to purchase products made in our own country if we can get decent value for our hard-earned dollar.

Let us look at another problem concerning the present state of our automotive industry's sales drop; and that is all-important service. Most foreign car dealers happily convey the impression that they will bend over backwards to all their buyers' requests, and they do just that.

In the case of domestic car dealers they seem to be pushing for sales through uncalled-for high pressure. They, too, give the impression that they will bend over backwards, but here the similarity ends. If service is required, whether the car is under warranty or not, they never seem happy to see you. They are always too busy to get to your car for a day or two, so you must return later. If it is necessary to return the car because repair work was haphazardly conducted, the service department's grumbling, while trying to blame the customer for his own incompetence, is more than enough to turn the car buyer from his present product to the import.

If our industry continues to put rust-prone bodies on our cars, my next car will be a Volkswagen, the worst looking, too small, but, at present, in the obvious opinion of the majority of Americans, a much superior car in the details that really matter. This is the opinion of myself, my friends, and, I believe, a great many Canadians.

BRANTFORD

WILLIAM S. SMITH

### Out of Control

This reader of your paper for almost 50 years is entirely in agreement with your article "Automotive Industry: Export Answers for Import Problems". I owned or used, apart from war years, a new Canadian car every year from 1913 to 1955 when among other circumstances I began to get a little tired of hearing that what we wanted, all of us, were the large and expensive cars offered us . . .

Of course there are a lot of people who like the large cars but as is evident there are a lot of other people who prefer smaller and more economical ones.

Last year when my wife and I toured Britain we hired a small smart British car and drove it 6301 miles. Full cost including car hire, gas, oil, overnight storage in most places, worked out at 5.41 cents per mile and gas mileage was 49.88 miles per gallon. Undoubtedly imported small cars have disadvantages for American use, but surely our manufacturers can cater to a lot of us better than they do.

Of course the answer is that they really didn't want to and they are still of the opinion that what is happening is beyond their control. Well, what I do will hardly make any difference but I am one apparently of many who want smaller, better, and cheaper cars.

TORONTO

O. J. MILLER

### Pool of Ignorance

As a teacher I am quite in accord with Mr. Hutton's remark [SN June 25] that the Conference on Education was notable for "the absence of any great number of teachers".

But is this unusual? Have you ever known a teacher's opinion to be asked on any kind of educational problem? Have you ever seen a teacher in a discussion group, or on a panel of inquiry into educational matters? I never have. The teacher's place is invariably taken by what Mr. Swinton terms "trustees, business administrators and the like—". I presume the teacher's brain is too delicately balanced for this sort of thing.

I am wildly delighted to see that the wife of a high school principal will be heading up a committee at the next conference. This is getting dangerously close to the teacher, but I see they were careful not to invite the principal himself. His brain, you know!

Well, it was ever thus. The last Conference on Education represented an astonishing pooling of ignorance of educational matters, and it appears that the next will be much the same.

But the teacher goes on teaching!

WILLOWDALE

A TEACHER

P.S. Please don't use my name. The "trustees, business administrators, and the like" might not like it.

## Case Against Canada

In SN, Aug 6, you published a letter from Brian Thrippleton "The Case for Canada". I do not find it possible to agree with what Mr. Thrippleton has to say and I know that many others will feel as I do.

Like Mr. Thrippleton I am a recent immigrant—I came to Canada in 1957—I am also an honours graduate of a British university and I have several years of experience in secondary schools in Ireland, England and in Nigeria.

Mr. Thrippleton's first point is too much of a generalization and his use of the word "fail" is not satisfactory (as he himself admits). The number of pupils accepted into grammar schools in England frequently depends upon the number of places available and since many secondary modern schools offer G.C.E. programs, "failure" to enter a grammar school need not ruin a child's chances of higher education. Also many better pupils are "streamed off" from modern schools to grammar schools. The 11-plus is an attempt to group children according to ability to profit from different approaches to educational problems. The system is not perfect but it is far from being the monstrous system it is sometimes said to be.

There are features of Mr. Thrippleton's second point which need to be considered. True, the registered attendances at universities in U.K. and Canada are just about equal but (and it is a very large but) British universities do not cater for elementary teachers and subjects like Home Economics, Physical Education, Library Science, Nursing and Commerce. These groups comprise some 25% of the registrations at the University of British Columbia and that is probably a rough average for all Canadian universities. There are over 160 teachers' colleges in U.K. and the total attendance at these colleges must be many thousands.

As for staff ratio I never had any trouble becoming personally acquainted with my teachers at university. Few British universities can offer the staff/student ratio of Oxford and Cambridge but I never felt any lack of personal contact if I needed it.

Mr. Thrippleton's third point is misleading. Elementary teachers can and do qualify for degrees in several ways. Some elementary colleges offer combined courses through which students can elect to do a Bachelor's degree while they attend teachers' college. Several universities offer extension courses and correspondence courses. London must cope with thousands of people in this way. I've met Africans who are doing this very thing.

I cannot disagree with Mr. Thrippleton's fourth point. The standard of living for teachers in Canada is generally higher. There are some doubtful points even here—cost of housing, cost of dental and eye specialist services etc. etc.

But I fear I cannot agree completely with Mr. Thrippleton's summary. I feel that, from my experience here, Canadian school children are more mature (in the social sense) than their British counterparts at the ages of 14 or 15 but at High School Graduation level they are less mature. Perhaps the average Canadian child is just as well off, maybe even better—it depends upon the school, certainly the good pupil gets less encouragement in Canada. That I feel is the great weakness in Canada—a general "anti-eggheadism", a suggestion that it is undemocratic for an able student to get more specialized treatment.

I certainly have not found written and spoken English to be better in Canada—my wife and I have a private game of recording grammatical errors in CBC news broadcasts. I recently received a letter from a fourteen-year-old girl in England. She is not near first place in English in her class but I was so impressed that I read the letter to my Grade XII class here. I find that in correcting geography and history essays I must constantly remind students of basic grammatical rules.

Finally, I find that many of my pupils who are capable of entering university are forced to give up any such ideas through sheer lack of money. Many of the scholarships awarded do not pay a quarter of the expenses. The situation in U.K. is much less drastic.

Education in the United Kingdom is far from perfect, especially in science and technology, but I feel that the overall pattern in Britain, in all its immense variety, is distinctly superior to that of Canada. Probably Ontario is superior to any other Canadian province.

KITIMAT

WILLIAM R. LONG

## Good Old Word

Elva Courrin, in your August 6th edition, includes English in the list of subjects in which she coaches. Too bad.

She refers to students "who were alright". Since when has "alright" become accepted in educated or education circles?

It would seem that as a tutor she has some shortcomings for which she may require some tutoring.

MONTREAL

L. AUSTIN WRIGHT

*Editor's Note: Alright has, according to the Shorter Oxford Dictionary, been alright since 1893.*

## Kind Word

Surely the following Articles in your Aug. 6 issue are a signal contribution to reality, and common sense in Canada.

Automotive Import Export by James Easton.

Job-Trust Unionism by Raymond Hull.

"Point of View" "Our Export Problem" by R. S. Rodgers.

VANCOUVER

TRAVERS STEEVES



## A Staple Economy

In mediaeval England, Staples were towns where everyone got fleeced. That's because the king decreed that all wool for export was dutiable, and it all had to be shipped through ports called Staple towns, so taxes could be collected. These duties were the staple of the king's treasury because wool was the staple of British industry. Today, British Woollens are still a staple because they are the best in all the world. The combination of Britain's fine craftsmanship and gentle climate produces cloth so fine no other country can equal it. British Woollens are available at your tailor's or clothing store, infinitely suited to all tastes and climes. Make British Woollens the staple of your wardrobe. They won't tax your pocket!

*The staple inn illustrated above was so called because merchants who came to London to supervise the shipment of their wool usually lodged there.*



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## Comment of the Day

### Depose the Throne Debate

THERE WAS THE USUAL wild rush at the end of the session to get Parliament through its legislative business. The pressure on the opposition parties was great and what could have been thorough and searching debates on estimates were little more than token sallies by the opposition against heavy-handed assertions by the Government.

If Parliament is to retain its strength something must be done to make its activities more efficient.

It is not difficult to see where one would begin. The debate on the speech from the throne has become the accepted place for members to praise their own ridings and to bring up the problems of their own constituents. Some speakers in January and February maintained this was an enlightening, even an essential, procedure. Where else, these members asked, can such a broad sweep of information can be gathered together for the national good?

The answer to that is simple—almost anywhere else but in Parliament where it now is so tediously done. The Canadian Press keeps all member newspapers in this country apprised of what is happening in all areas. The CBC, the periodical press, and other means of mass communication are searching constantly for good regional stories with national overtones. Furthermore, on the air waves and in the press, they get attention.

Anyone who has visited Parliament during the desperate period which is the debate on the speech from the throne knows that the chamber is usually almost empty, that the press gallery members have nearly all left to report the answers which have been given at question time and that what is said by private members thus goes unheard and, for the most part, unrecorded, except in the publicly printed pages of Hansard.

The answer to parliamentary efficiency is the abolition or severe curtailment of this barren exercise; more urgent efforts by the government to get its legislative business on the order paper earlier, and adequate provisions for parliamentary committees to do some real probing into the government of the country from the very start of the session.

The present debate on the speech from the throne is a waste of time and money. The provision of mere regional informa-

tion should be left to those services whose sole job it is to provide it. What we expect from Members of Parliament is government, if they are Conservative, and discussions of governmental actions, if they are in Opposition. If they find that too taxing, then let constituencies find better men for the job. In all too many cases, that would not be difficult.

organizers of the convention were disciplined by the delegates and a floor revolution not only confirmed that a leader should be elected but it went ahead and elected Hazen Argue.

Now Mr. Argue, as well as being house leader of the CCF at Ottawa, is also a farmer. Thus, from the start, the party shows how uneasy is an alliance between farmers and workers. In a country like Canada it is difficult indeed to see how such an alliance can work. Farmers are free traders who tend to band together to sell their goods on an international market in as large lots as possible (the name Co-operative Commonwealth Federation shows the origin of the party clearly).

Industrial laborers, on the other hand, are concerned with keeping out manufactured goods which might put them out of work. Like the owners of secondary manufacturing industries in this country, they are tariff conscious.

It is the old question of West versus East, and the new Third Party will find (as the newly invigorated Social Credit party has already found) that to ride the two horses of parity prices and protection will be quite a trick—especially when the majority of the spectators are really wanting the rider to fall with a bump.

### Joining With Washington

HON. HOWARD GREEN will find the pressure mounting soon for Canada to join the Organization of American States. With Communism having already got a firm grip in Cuba and with one or two other Latin American countries ripe and ready for its particular type of insidious propaganda, the United States will want to pull us in to strengthen their hand.

It would be a mistake for Canada to join the OAS under such circumstances. Already many countries in Latin America who are not Communist nor likely to become Communist, are still fairly fed up with what they call Yankee imperialism. They have reason to be. We, in Canada, who share a common language, common traditions and, to all intents and purposes, a common popular culture, find American disregard of our national sovereignty hard to take. It must be even harder for people without these advantages.

Delegates both from Mexico and from Argentina at this summer's Couchiching

### Say, Can You See?

*"I want to see the Toronto Exhibition. Can I get a cabin at Lake Louise, which will be near the fair grounds?"*

*"Is the north the same direction up there as down here, or is it further east?"*

*—Excerpts from letters from U.S. residents to Dan Campbell, director of tourist information for Alberta.—(C.P.)*

THESE ARE THE THINGS which are truly Amurrican:

Regular autumn predictions of hurricane; Movies of horror that bore you to bits; Bourbon and Presley and hominy grits.

These are the things that are truly U.S.: Hot dogs; Fort Knox; a sensational Press; Grandmother Moses; commercials; Bob Hope;

All kinds of operas: light, grand and soap.

These are the things that are truly the States:

Facile disunion for troublesome mates; Baseball and barbecues; glycerine tears; And vagueness on everything past their frontiers.

VIC

### Two Horses to Ride

THE LAST CONVENTION of the CCF party must have given pause both to its own delegates and the CLC people who, in amalgamation with it, will try to form a new Third Party next year.

The union men had hoped to leave the position of CCF leader vacant so that the way would be open for more obvious union control of the new party. But the CCFers who had carried the ball for socialism in Ottawa for the past two or three years were not going to be done out of the recognition which they rightly expected to be theirs. As a result, the



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Conference claimed that Canada's joining the OAS would be interpreted by much of Latin America as a sellout on Canada's part. Up to now, they said, our reputation in Latin America has been a good one and they would like us to become more involved in their affairs; but it need not be done through an organization originally set up to settle border disputes, matters of sovereignty and so on. So long as we stay out of the OAS we are reckoned to be independent of the United States, but if we join, it will look as though the northern hemisphere is joining solidly to repress the very kind of revolution which originally brought both the U.S. and Canada themselves into independence.

### From Flash to Glow

MARIE-CLAUDE BLAIS, who shocked the literary world of Quebec with a horror novel *La Belle Bête* earlier this year [SN March 9], has calmed down a good deal. A correspondent tells us that her play *Elénoë* now playing in a tiny little amateur theatre in Quebec City is about normal, if tense, people. What is more, it is packing people in to see it. She has also written another play, *La Roullette aux Poupees* which will be polished in production by a Laval University group and then open in Montreal later this fall.

Since both McClelland & Stewart in Toronto and Little, Brown in Boston are bringing out translations of the horror novel, the Montreal premiere should bring Mlle Blais to national attention once more.

The people who have managed to see *Elénoë* say that it is good and exciting. Apparently she has lost none of her creative energy in disciplining her talent. And she has not left for Paris as she threatened to do during the publicity over *La Belle Bête*.

### A Mexican Canal?

THOUGH THERE WAS much general talk at the Couchiching conference about Canada's helping the Latin American states, nobody made any specific suggestion as to what could be done. We have one to make which would help Mexico and also help us: Why not go into partnership with Mexico to build a canal across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec?

A canal across this narrow strip of land would save hundreds of miles for our West-coast freight bound to Europe and points East. The Mexicans are serious about it, and the cost projected for the canal in a recent survey by José Noriega, an eminent consulting engineer, is in the order of \$600 million. This is one billion dollars less than we have paid out in our military aid program in the past ten years and our experience with the St. Lawrence Seaway qualifies us for the job.



## First Coins For Canada...



Silver 5-sol and 15-sol pieces were struck in 1670 by Louis XIV

of France for his colonies in North America. The 15-sol piece has become one of the rarest of all Canadian coins—and today is worth about \$600.

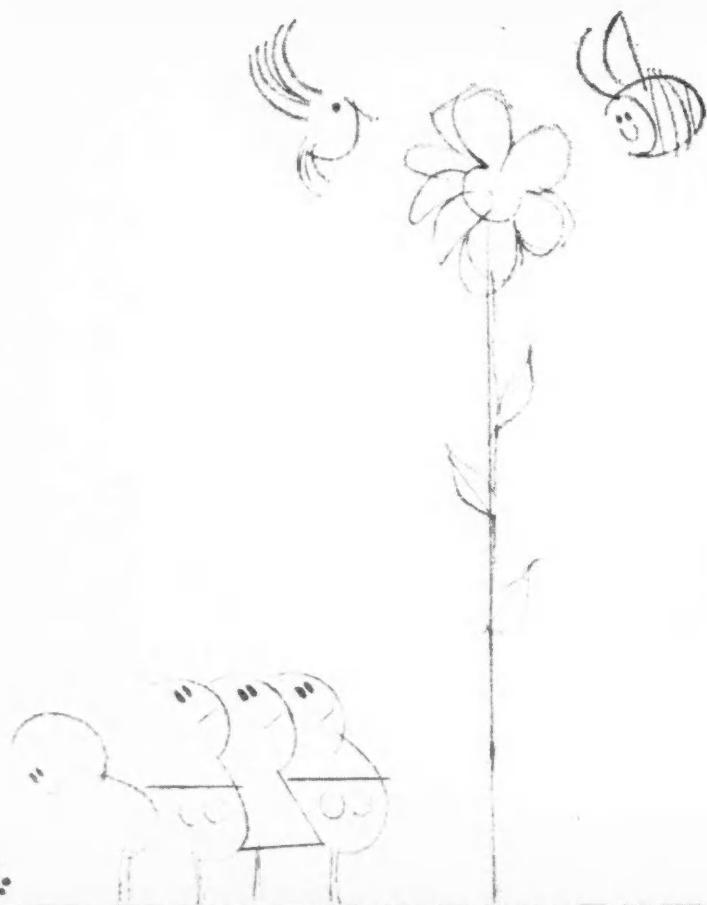
### Canada's First Real Money

Canada's first real money, in the form of bank notes, was issued by the Bank of Montreal—Canada's first bank—when it opened its doors for business on November 3, 1817. Later, the bank provided copper coinage. With the passing of the Currency Act in 1841, B of M coins became recognized legal tender of Canada.



**BANK OF  
MONTREAL**  
*Canada's First Bank*

SD-276



## **ADULT ENTERTAINMENT (ABOUT THE BIRDS, THE BEES AND THE FLOWERS)**

By the time our four small kids explained this story to us, we figured there was more to the bees and flowers than meets the eye. There is. ☺ Away back "when," flowers got on to the modern idea of pre-conditioned reflexes. They competed for the attention of the bees by the use of bright colours. These bright colours stimulated the bees' sense of taste. ☺ "And so you have a baby brother?" you ask. No, that is not the point at all. The point is, **COLOUR IS THE UNIVERSAL STIMULANT TO TASTE.** For this reason, magazine advertising with its truer, more lifelike colours, sells the **TASTE APPEAL** of food products as nothing else can. ☺ When you choose an advertising medium, it is important to remember that taste is not pre-conditioned to sound. Nor to black-and-white, whether moving or still. The most successful advertisers don't buck natural motivation—they seek to work with it. For this reason, colourful magazine advertising is the backbone of food promotion. ☺ And more than ever today. For the package-goods marketing men know that customers must be pre-conditioned before they face the shelves of the self-serve stores. They know, too, that nothing can create the motivating image of taste and appetite so quickly, so surely and permanently as colourful magazine advertising. Magazine Advertising Bureau, 21 Dundas Square, Toronto.

# **MAGAZINES MOVE MERCHANDISE**

# We Should Be More Serious About Our Education Problems

by Arnold Edinborough

"If North Americans were to get really serious about education," said Robert Hutchins in an interview in Toronto earlier this year, "they could produce the best education system the world has ever seen". But Hutchins was speaking from disillusionment, not in hope. For Hutchins has done more than most people to try to make his colleagues serious about education. (Who else has taken over a major university on this continent, as he did at Chicago, and banished the football team because he found it got in the way of the proper concerns of his students?) But like many another prophet, Hutchins has been more admired than he has been imitated.

Yet the problems facing us at this moment are such that only deep public concern and positive and far-reaching action can bail us out of our predicament.

And what is that predicament? Well, it has many aspects. First: We are preventing our children from learning when they would like to. When they should be learning how to read, write and count, they are playing at the sand-box and cutting out paper dolls. Second: When some of them have already proven that they are not worthy of the place they are occupying later on in school, we keep them there against their will, thus transforming good teachers into poor special constables. Third: We are not providing enough space for them at our existing universities and, because of an alleged lack of money, are not only cramped for space but are also losing our better teachers to wealthy private universities in the United States and Europe. Fourth: We know that we need technicians and technologists, but are making less provision for training them in quantity now than we did ten years ago. Fifth: Instead of taking proper political action to correct all these faults (by electing better schoolboards or better provincial members) we are apt to salve our conscience by merely joining a vociferous, though politically impotent, group such as the Home and School.

For there is no doubt about it, we cannot change our education system by any other than political means. No amount of conferences like the Canadian Conference on Education or other committees can do anything but ventilate the problems: they cannot solve them. As the articles following in this special back-to-school issue of SATURDAY NIGHT show, it is the provincial politicians who control education through the public purse-strings and it is they, and they alone, who make the decisions about who shall be educated, where and in what fashion. (An article about the grim efficiency

of China's great leap forward in education underlines this situation.)

Just how politics controls education and why, in our system of democracy at the present moment, that control is stifling rather than stimulating our students, has been savagely, but truly described in a book by Frank MacKinnon, the principal of Prince of Wales College in Prince Edward Island. Called simply *The Politics of Education* (University of Toronto Press: \$4.75) it details the confused chain of command in Canadian education and the evils attendant on such confusion.

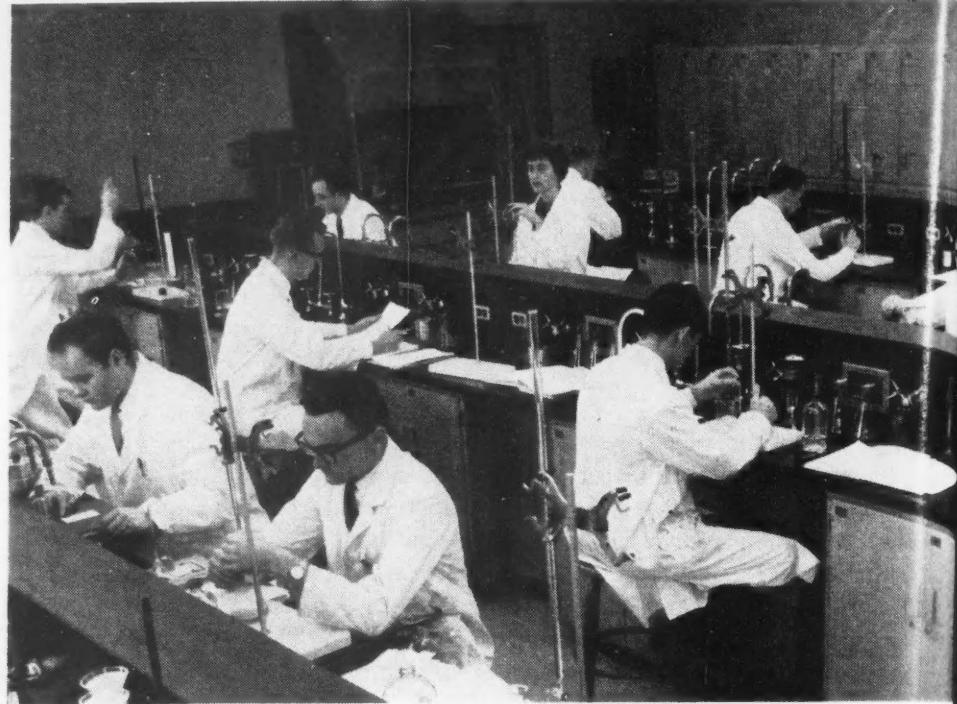
First in command is the Minister of Education. But he is often a senior and ineffectual politician or a very junior member of the Cabinet getting political experience in the job. The reason for such quality: education is not a vote getter. For the provincial government does not build schools as it builds bridges, roads and other political structures. The people who raise and spend the money are the local school trustees. But though these latter are elected to build and run the schools they have little say in the quality of the space they provide and none in the standards of licensing for the teachers whom they must hire.

Between the provincial and the municipal politicians stands the Department, says MacKinnon, a bunch of backseat drivers answerable to the minister technically but operating for the most part on their own. Through the influence of these backseat drivers, many of whom have not seen the inside of a classroom in years, if at all, the teachers and principals are dictated to and must keep their classes in a democratic lock-step which assumes that the average Canadian student has an IQ of about 90 or less. [We must not lose the dumb vote, even if we don't try very hard to get the intelligent one.]

MacKinnon's idea of a public trust for each school or school area to break up this clique may not attract many people as a solution. But his analysis will surely show them the problem more clearly and bluntly than they have ever seen it put before.

Once we see the problem, we can then pool our intelligence to seek a solution. But we shall have to get started now, for China and Russia are more serious about their economic offensive than they are about any other attack on the West. And such an offensive can be equally disastrous on our standard of living and our way of life than less subtle but more spectacular means. The E-bomb needs as vital and viable a defence system as the A or H bomb ever did.

*Tremendous growth of secondary industries has created a dangerous shortage of laboratory personnel to back up work of the engineers.*



### ***Education for Tomorrow***

# **The Growing Shortage of Technicians**

by Paul Nowack

THE DEMAND FOR highly trained personnel has never been greater in the nation's history. The classified advertising pages in newspapers from coast to coast bear witness to it. But leaders in industry who are worried about the current shortage of trained technical personnel, are even more concerned about the future. All agree that many more specialists are essential if our increasingly automated, industrialized society is to vie successfully with fierce world competition.

The universities have been gradually increasing the enrolment of professional engineers, physicists and so on in their four and five year courses. But the vast majority of the specialists we need are technicians and technologists. And most experts say we need at least three of

these technicians to each engineer for a proper ratio of professional to semi-professional personnel.

According to Thomas Medland, Executive Director of the Association of Professional Engineers of Ontario, even the ratio of three technicians to one engineer is not high enough for Canada. He claims the proper ratio is five to one. Right now it stands at less than one and a half to one. Medland asserts this low ratio is the real cause of the so-called shortage of engineers.

"Each time I read or hear about this lack of engineers, I realize that our people aren't yet aware of the actual problem. Certainly, we have a shortage, but it's a false shortage, simply because a large proportion of Canadian engineers are doing technicians' work and they haven't the time to be doing actual engineering."

As chief spokesman for 19,250 engineers in Ontario, Medland is naturally concerned.

Because the technologist and the technician are relatively new members of our scientific society most laymen have only a vague conception of their role in the engineering field. In Canada the engineering technologist has two or three years of post-high-school training in the

skills and theory of engineering. His particular interests are in the practical application of principles rather than in the development of the principles themselves. He may train for any one of twelve specialties ranging from architecture to aeronautics.

The technician acquires similar skills but he does not have the educational qualifications or the intensive training to qualify as a technologist. These two specialists form a part of what is known as the "engineering team" which consists of a professional engineer, an engineering technologist, a technician and a skilled craftsman.

The tremendous growth of the secondary industries and the recent advancements in electronics, nuclear physics and automation during the last 20 years has sparked a sharp demand for these engineering teams. And it is only very recently that industry or government became aware of the serious lack of training facilities in Canada for them.

As one gesture in the right direction the Ontario Department of Education started to experiment with a new post-high-school institute in 1948. It was called the Ryerson Institute of Technology.

Launched with the aid of newspaper



*Recent advancements in electronics field has sparked demand for technicians, technologists.*

advertisements and a budget of \$400,000 in September of that year, it admitted 200 students to a seven-acre campus in downtown Toronto which consisted of six weather-beaten "prefabs"—barracks used by the Air Force during the war—and three grimy stone buildings. The biggest of these was once Ontario's first normal school and the office of Egerton Ryerson, the pioneer of public education a century ago.

The admission requirement to the 16 courses (ranging in length from nine months to three years) was a grade 12 certificate from any high school in the country.

The public found it difficult to attach any identity to a school which offered such a jumble of courses as journalism, mechanical technology, childhood management, radio and television arts and even a school of fashion. Early graduates still remember being badgered by university friends, family and even employers about going to "the new trade school".

The painful label vanished, but as Principal Howard Hillen Kerr mentions with some humor: "We did have definite growing pains, and like an infant it took us time to establish our identity".

This year the Ryerson identity was firmly established by 1,974 students enrolled in a total of 19 three-year courses and two specialties of two years' duration. Each fall, students arrive from every province, from the U.S.A., South America and the West Indies to register in certain courses that are unique to Ryerson, which is now the recognized leader of technological education in Canada.

The courses this year include Aeronautical, Architectural, Chemical, Civil, Electrical, Electronic, Gas, Instrument, Mechanical, Medical and Metallurgical Technology.

The Business Division offers courses in Business Administration, Hotel, Resort and Restaurant Administration, Photographic Arts, Printing Management, Secretarial Science, Radio and Television Arts and Journalism.

As the fastest growing technical college in the country, Ryerson can afford to select students carefully. Minimum requirements are now a 60% average in English Literature and Composition, History, Algebra, Geometry, Physics and Chemistry in grade 12. Students in the Journalism course are required to complete five grade 13 subjects including English Literature and Composition.

The equipment and facilities that are required for such a varied curriculum involve heavy expenses. As an Institute operated by the province, the Provincial Government assumes all operating costs. Capital expenditures are shared on a 50-50 basis by a grant from the Federal Government under a Dominion-Provincial Agreement. Ryerson's operating budget in 1948 was \$400,000. Last year it was

\$1,200,000. Even so, student's fees have been continually increasing. In 1948 fees were \$25 a year for Ontario residents. This year the admission price is \$190.

Today Ryerson graduates are sought by almost every conceivable branch of Canadian industry at a rate of two job offers to every student. Top students often choose from four or five offers. There are now some 4,000 alumni from ten graduating classes sprinkled in laboratories and offices from Vancouver to St. John's.

The average starting salary for graduates from all courses is \$350 per month. Students in the science courses can often expect \$380 per month according to LaVerne Stewart, Ryerson's Placement Officer.

There has always been much specula-

men make up a team, each specialized to complement the other. In many cases, the technologist, because of his practical background, may be the fellow the engineer comes to for help."

Most employers who have hired Ryerson graduates report they are highly satisfied, but complain that there are not enough of these specialists available to meet their needs.

John English, Personnel Research Assistant at Hudson's Bay Co. in Winnipeg, reports the company has over 20 graduates from business courses.

"Our experience with these graduates has been excellent. Several are now operating important sales departments. From time to time, however, we find ourselves wishing there were more graduates available . . ."



Oldest and largest training school is Calgary's Institute of Technology.

tion on how far a Ryerson graduate or technologist can go in an engineering environment. In other words, how does he compare with an engineer?

Blake Goodings, Field Representative with the Professional Engineers Association, comments: "In an engineering design office the engineering graduate and the Ryerson technologist would probably start at a drafting table. But in this environment the engineer would move ahead because of his theoretical knowledge of design.

"In the sales field all the theory an engineer receives may not be needed. Here both men would be on a par. Frankly, there is no reason why a Ryerson man couldn't surpass an engineer in sales and production work."

Thomas Medland says that in some fields the technologist is of more value to a company when he first joins it than is an engineer.

"The important point is that these two

Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd. in Chalk River employs 26 Ryerson men in all five of its research divisions. According to R. F. Petch, Personnel Assistant, "Ryerson graduates have proven very valuable and we highly recommend them."

Consumers' Gas Co. in Toronto employs graduates in the engineering and laboratory test departments. Charles Kier, employment manager, expressed regret he could not get at least two more from the gas technology course.

Once the student has been placed, Institute lecturers keep close watch on the graduate and check his progress.

Although the technology graduate has not reached the level of general education possessed by a sophomore university student, there are many instances where technologists have progressed faster than their university brethren.

Robert Thomas, an electrical technology graduate in '53 was hired as a



Ryerson courses include instruction in all phases of business management.

draftsman with Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd. six years ago. He is now Toronto district manager in charge of four salesmen, two of whom are engineers, and accounts in Southern Ontario and northern Quebec. He is 27 years old.

William Horbal, 23, graduated from the merchandising administration course in '57. Assistant operating manager of 13 heavy goods stores in Ontario and Quebec for the T. Eaton Co. Ltd., he is responsible for initiating store systems, training staff, and installing methods of control.

If there is any one person who cherishes these success stories it is Howard Kerr, Ryerson's 60-year-old Principal and to most students and associates the founder of Ryerson.

A graduate engineer who holds degrees in applied science and pedagogy, Kerr was called upon by the Government to leave his teaching post in Oshawa to direct the Dominion-Provincial War Emergency Training Scheme for Ontario. At war's end he supervised the training of some 58,000 discharged military personnel through a 60-course programme in "Rehab" schools across the province. The largest of these schools was 50 Gould Street—now the site of Ryerson. In 1948 he became the first Principal.

During the 12 intervening years Kerr has, as one associate put it, "shaped and built this institute with the dedication of a monk".

Now that he has realized his dream of a top technological school, Kerr is especially thankful to the industrial leaders who act on the advisory committee for each course.

Industry has, in its turn, expressed its gratitude by endowing the Institute with thousands of dollars worth of equipment and a bursary and scholarship fund totalling over \$30,000.

As an example of the close liaison with

industry there is the gas technology course which was set up three years ago when the Canadian Gas Association approached Kerr and officials of the Provincial Government.

William Dalton, general manager of the Association explains, "When we saw Mr. Kerr and explained our needs, we felt that this man sincerely wanted to help our industry. After gaining clearance with the Department of Education and months of negotiating on matters of curriculum and staff, Ryerson officially added a three-year gas technology course in 1957 and enrolled 20 students the first year".

The need for such institutes and the demand for graduates led Department of Education officials recently to open three new institutes (planned as junior models of Ryerson) in Ottawa, Hamilton and Windsor. These centres offer courses in certain technology specialties and provide a background for students choosing

subjects only presently available at Ryerson.

Until 1957 technologists were leaving their alma mater armed with a diploma but no professional status within an association. That year the Association of Professional Engineers in Ontario announced a programme of certifying or recognizing the academic and experience qualifications of engineering technicians.

The first program of its kind in North America, the plan was developed to help the students and the large number of men in the field who had post-high school training but no professional status.

Called the Technologist Certification Program, provision is made for three grades of engineering technicians and a senior grade with a title of Engineering Technologist.

Prerequisite for a grade one technician is completion of grade 12, provided the applicant has taken the science and mathematical subjects and has had two years' practical experience.

Grade two technicians require completion of grade 13 or the completion of the Advanced Technical Evening Classes and a minimum of two years' practical experience under approved engineering guidance.

Grade three technicians must have completed one year of an engineering course at a recognized university, or completed a two-year technical institute course or the Higher National Certificate from England and two years' practical experience.

To qualify as an engineering technologist, the applicant must complete two years of an engineering course or have a diploma from a three-year course at an Ontario institute of technology coupled with one year of practical experience.

Successful applicants are awarded a diploma from the Association of Professional Engineers which must be renewed annually.

There are now 1,280 technologists



Technological training is not limited to men. Girls successfully compete.

registered under the plan and at the present rate engineering officials expect 800 new registrations this year—figures which show the gap dramatically because we need 4,500 per year to keep up with our industrial expansion.

Professional associations across the continent watched the progress of the program. Three years ago Medland was asked to explain the plan to the National Society of Engineers. In March this year the U.S. National Society announced the adoption of a Technologist Certification Program modelled on the Ontario plan.

While Ryerson has become the most glamorous and well-known institute of its kind in the country, there are a number of other schools in four different provinces swinging into action.

Oldest and largest of these is the Provincial Institute of Technology and Art in Calgary which offers 21 technology courses ranging from two to three years. Although this is the only technological institute in Canada which can boast of a large, planned campus, the present enrollment of 1,300 is crowding existing facilities. Alberta education officials are now planning to create a second institute in Edmonton when suitable land can be purchased.

The New Brunswick Technical Institute in Moncton was established in 1947 to provide post-high-school courses in drafting, mechanical technology and radio and television in addition to other lower-level specialties. Officials were surprised when a recent survey showed that approximately 90% of the 3,900 graduates since 1947 were employed by the province's own industries. Now crowded beyond capacity, new buildings are being constructed to increase the number of students and the scope of training.

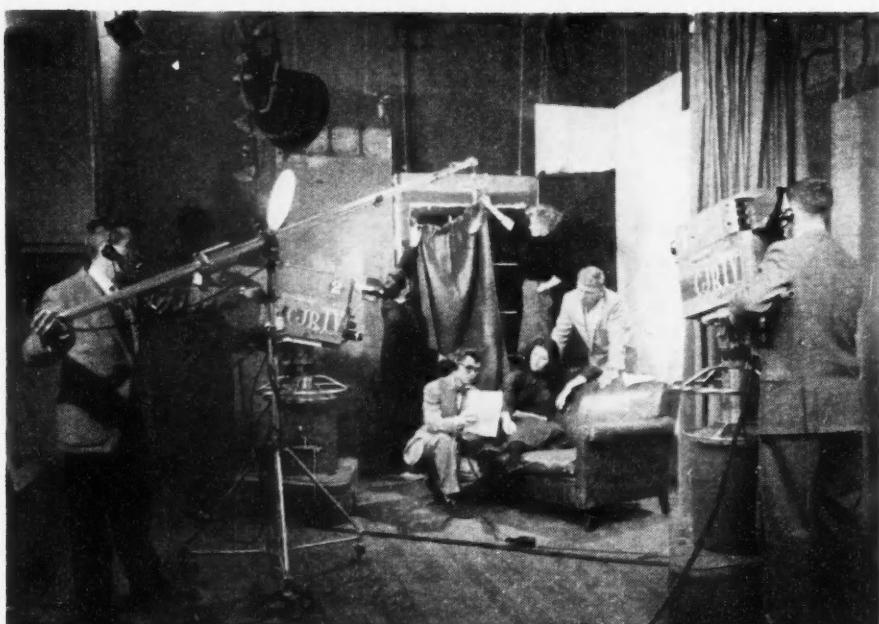
Quebec, curiously enough, has the most extensive technological education program in Canada with no less than ten institutes of technology spread across the province. [see separate article]

The newest addition to the growing list is the Saskatchewan Technical Institute which has been operating on a limited scale for two years while new buildings are being erected. Institute officials say it will be at least four more years before the school is developed to capacity.

Although these schools differ in entrance qualifications, type and duration of courses, physical capacity and equipment, they all face one common problem; lack of money.

The crippling effects of this are all too evident—qualified teachers are not being attracted by low civil service salary rates; institute officials are fighting a losing battle as they beg for new equipment and building programs have been lagging behind schedule because of insufficient budgets.

Examples of this "tight money" can be



TV tyros experience the real thing with school's closed-circuit station.

found in every province. But the most glaring occur right at Ryerson. Six years ago plans were announced by the provincial government for the construction of three new buildings to accommodate 4,000 students on the Ryerson campus. Scheduled for completion in 1961, only two of the buildings have been erected to date and government officials refuse to even give a starting date for the third unit because of the so-called "shortage of funds".

Speaking before the Canadian Conference on Education in 1958, Principal Kerr summed up the problem when he said, "It is no secret that those who are directly concerned with the financing of the institutes believe that the federal Government should give some financial aid. In fact it is doubtful that Canada will witness much of an expansion in this field until such assistance is forthcoming . . . The Dominion Government now

provides some assistance to the universities and a good case can be made, therefore, for federal financial aid to the technical institutes."

At the present time the federal Government is committed to aid only with capital costs while operation expenses are paid for by Provincial Governments. Provincial officials claim their budgets are loaded with other "important" requirements that come before the institutes. They point to the public schools, the hospitals and other admittedly important projects that are high on the priority lists.

And so the case stands. Both levels of government have done a great deal during the last decade to improve the situation. But while the aid is coming it isn't being given fast enough. Unless something is done quickly to accelerate these grants we may look back ten years from now and be forced to admit it was a case of "too little being given too late".



Schools offer a jumble of courses ranging over preferred professions.

# Quebec: Trade Crisis vs. Classical Colleges

by Raymond Spencer Rodgers

THERE IS ONLY ONE university engineering school for every 1,000,000 persons in the Province of Quebec. More disturbing is the fact that there is only one manual trade school for every 100,000 persons. These manual trade schools operate at the teenage and adult level but their students rarely have more than a grade eight education (like 76% of the Province's young unemployed).

Has Quebec's educational system kept pace with the industrial super-revolution? "Frankly, I don't think so," says Youth Minister Paul Gérin-Lajoie. Can it keep pace with a doubling of the work force (currently 1,700,000) as expected by 1980? Not without a lot of money which formerly went to Ottawa. Where does the crisis in Quebec's technical education most show up? It would seem to lie in the area between university engineering schools and the manual trade schools—at the post-senior matriculation level.

Hope does lie, however, in the development of Quebec's *Instituts de Technologie* (of which the bilingual Montreal Institute of Technology is the oldest). These come under the Department of Special Education, headed by Jean Delorme, and offer a three-year course from junior matriculation level. Students can either start the course in a manual

trade school and then transfer or they can enroll directly in an *Institut* for the entire course. Students lacking junior matriculation can make this up in a special preparatory year.

The general *Instituts* are located in Arvida, Chicoutimi, Hull, Montreal (where the Montreal Institute has given birth to another, named after Laval), Quebec City, Rimouski, Shawinigan, Sherbrooke, and Trois-Rivières. In addition, there are more specialized *Instituts* for Navigation, Paper, Applied Arts, Graphic Arts, and Textiles. Currently there are 6,027 students enrolled in these three- or four-year courses leading to a Diploma and membership in the Corporation of Professional Technicians. About one third of these will drop out before concluding the technical course.

The *Instituts* are patterned on Montreal's which was founded fifty years ago. It has taken the War and decades of the best jobs going to English Canadians to jolt French Canada into an expansion in this field. The curriculum is heavy in shop work and mechanical drawing. It is pretty light in such subjects as industrial geography.

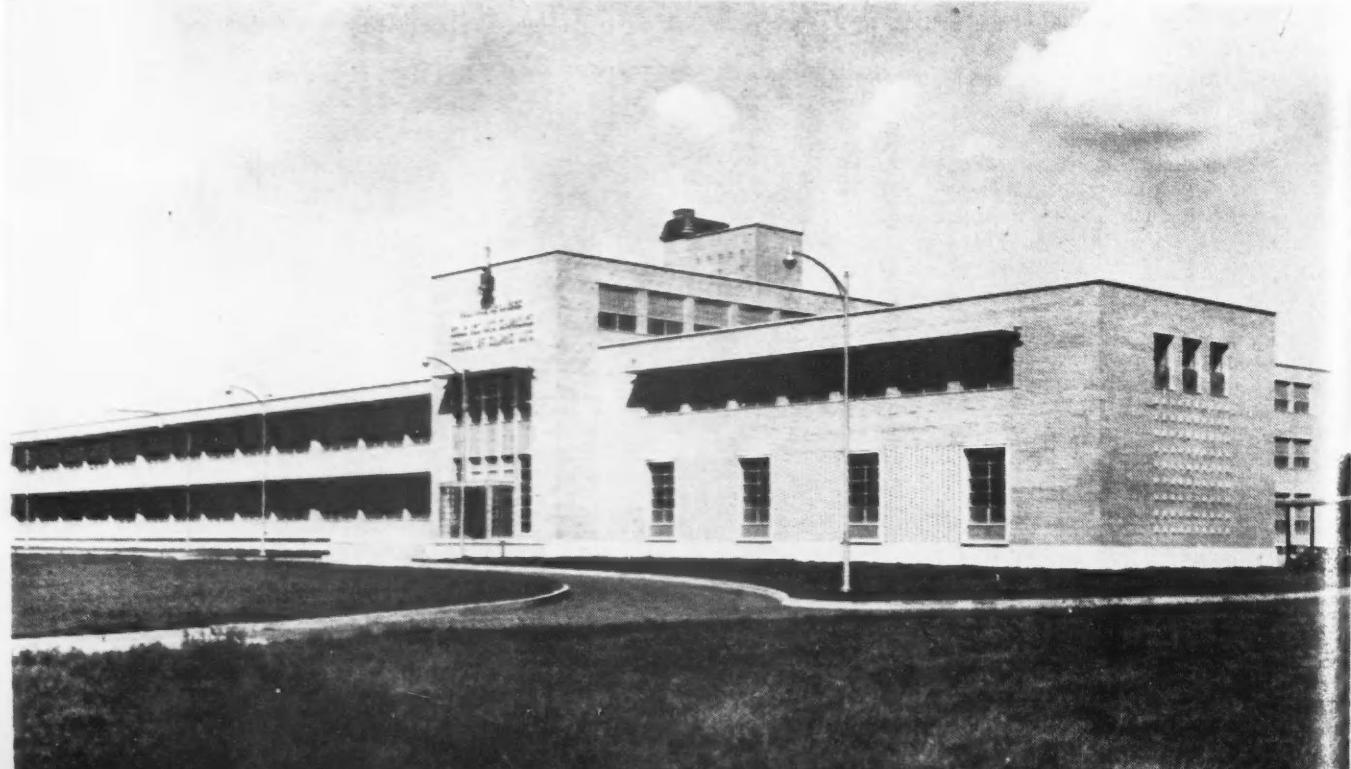
The preparatory year (for those without junior matriculation) gives fairly equal emphasis to shop work, English, French,

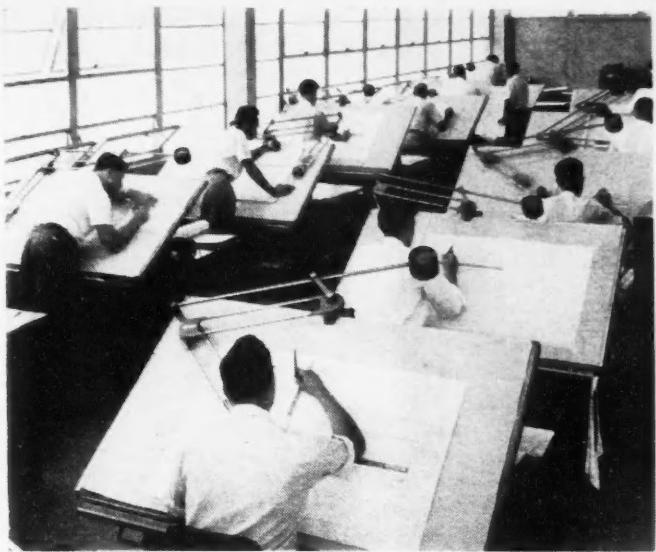
physics, geometry, algebra, and chemistry. The first-year emphasis on shop work and mechanical drawing is pronounced, with other subjects forming the trimmings: algebra, chemistry, civics, geometry, materials, mechanics, English, French, physics and trigonometry. In the second year, shop work gains at the expense of mechanical drawing and the trimmings are: chemistry, civics, descriptive geometry, electricity, mathematics, mechanics, English, French, and physics.

The final year is largely shop work plus a dab of accounting, civics, descriptive geometry, heating, history, industrial geography, industrial legislation, mathematics, mechanics, refrigeration, strength of materials, a language, and a little heavier dab of mechanical drawing. The result of this, as we have previously noted, is a good senior matriculation plus plenty of practical knowledge. The student-to-teacher ratio is fairly reasonable (1:12) for practical work and the more academic subjects are taught by degree holders.

Where do graduates of this system go? They nearly always start off in the shop but their superior education soon boosts them up into positions between executive and workers. Jean Delorme, in a fit of optimism, has written that: "Many of the

*Montreal's School of Graphic Arts is one of many specialized institutes in Quebec offering diplomas in technical fields.*





Like most, curriculum of Laval Institute of Technology places special emphasis on shop work and mechanical drawing.

graduates become foremen, sales managers, production managers, and personnel managers in large industries. In companies like Bell Telephone they can end up as plant superintendents with supervisory (though not planning) responsibilities.

A specific case comes to mind: there are two producers doing comparable work in the French Network of the C.B.C. One of them was formerly a technician who passed through one of the *Instituts de Technologie*. He is an exceptional person but it shows that this kind of education will not harm a good man. His colleague is a graduate of the classical college system who started as an announcer after taking a *baccalauréat* with a supposed "scientific orientation".

No article on Quebec technical education, would be complete without some comment on these classical colleges—*institutions* peculiar to the province. The forces which have allowed these institutions to dominate the traditional education of Quebec are still powerful and they affect the growth of technical education.

Traditionally the French-Canadian either finished his education at the public school grade eight level or went on to study in one of these clergy-operated institutions. There are about seventy-five properly supervised classical colleges granting the *baccalauréat* under the authority of the Catholic universities. They give an eight-year course from the seventh grade. The program is still heavily laden with classics, philosophy and theology even in the new programs which allow a student to emphasize science and mathematics in the final two years.

A recent Laval University survey has proposed that more classical colleges offer the science option. None of them is moving in the direction of applied rather than pure science. The reason is largely political and social. The classical colleges are a bastion of French culture

and individuality and no classical college wants to "demean" itself and become a technical junior college. If one did, however, it would find its graduates snapped up in quick order by industry.

French Canadians are almost unanimous in the contention that the *baccalauréat* is more than a junior college degree. Jean Beauchemin, Executive Secretary of the *Fédération des Collèges Classiques* says that "it is difficult to compare but I would say the traditional *baccalauréat* is roughly equal to a B.A. with a major in philosophy and classics while the optional science *baccalauréat* is as good as a general science B.A." (Dr. André Hone, of the *Ecole Polytechnique*, sees little difference between the two types of *baccalauréat* however: "they are a horse with two coats").

Rightly or wrongly, English Canada does not accept the *baccalauréat* at face value. True, the National Conference of Canadian Universities equates the two systems in its handbook, after pointing out the differences. We may suspect the N.C.C.U. is simply being tactful. Sir George Williams University is more direct: it gives the *baccalauréat* one year's credit towards the B.A., and almost the same credit to a graduate of the *Institut de Technologie* entering upon Sir George's engineering program. There is a lesson in this for French Canada.

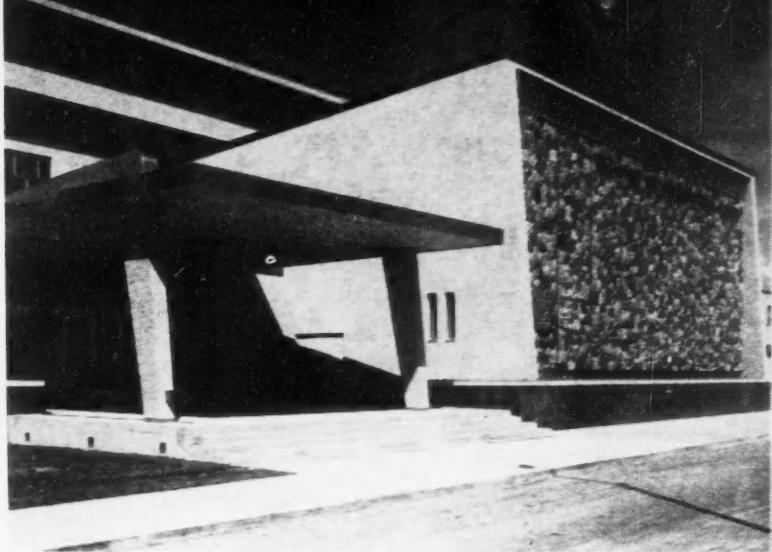
English-Canadian industry also has its opinion about the value of the *baccalauréat*. Companies like Bell Telephone, highly sensitive to French-Canadian popular opinion, publicly laud the "culture" of the *baccalauréat*. But its holders are hired as super-clerks or PR men or not at all. They may get to the top but not because of their degree. Industry regards the *baccalauréat* as a general junior college training, appropriate for its original purpose of training future priests and patriotic lawyers. Industry would be only too glad if some of these "junior colleges" would pattern themselves on

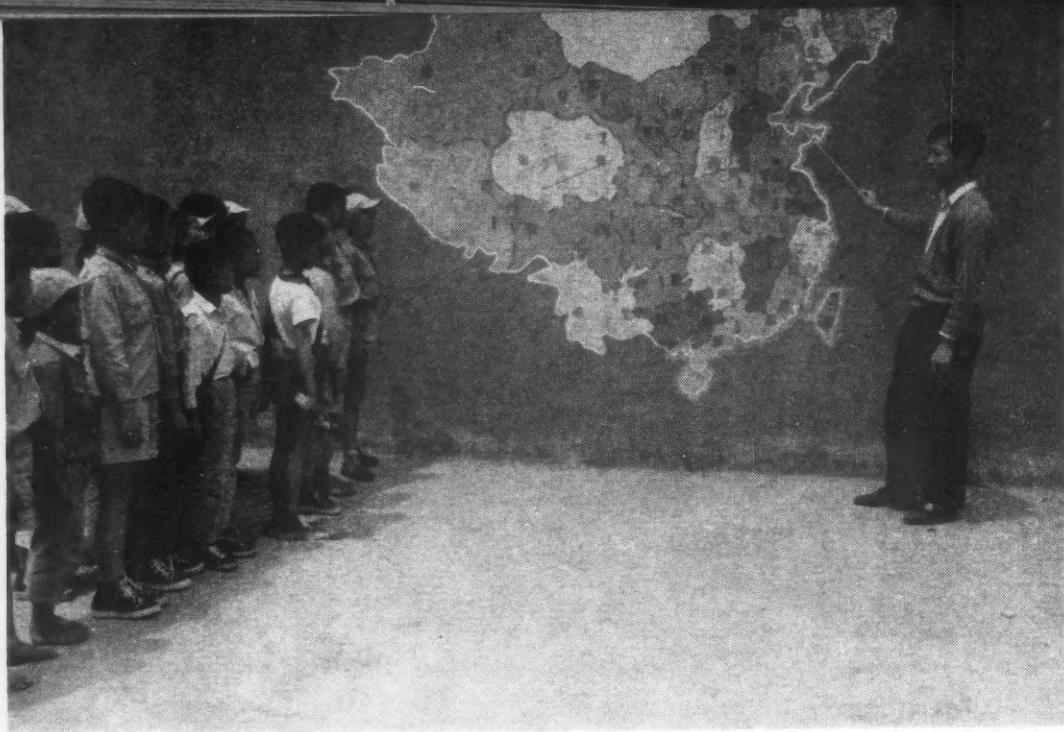
the model of certain American institutions and turn out people who can operate IBM machines and supervise control panels.

French Canada is not at all sure that she wants that future. Paradoxically, both classical colleges and *Instituts de Technologie* were born of French Canada's linguistic and cultural isolation. Men like Gérin-Lajoie are progressives compared with Duplessis; nevertheless, they are vigorously determined to preserve French-Canadian culture in North America. While the classical colleges may well follow the trend to science they are not likely to become technical junior colleges to satisfy English-Canadian industry. The only hope for technical education in Quebec lies with the Department of Special Education.

The immediate future of Special Education is in the hands of Gérin-Lajoie, a product of the classical colleges and of Oxford University. Although a constitutional lawyer by training he is well aware of the needs of Quebec's industrial super-revolution. His Youth Ministry is now being transformed into an integrated Education Ministry (to the extent this can be done without disturbing the autonomy of the Roman Catholic and Protestant systems). With the largest budget (\$120,000,000) of any Quebec ministry he is in a position to provide the leadership required. He himself has said that "piece-meal solutions won't satisfy twentieth century needs".

By bringing all of the technical institutions (including those formerly under other Ministries) into relationship with the *Instituts de Technologie* he could provide a massive feeder system to counteract the present tendency whereby 50% of French Canada's fifteen-year-olds go directly from school to unskilled labor. The telling point will be the proportion of the budget spent on Special Education. And that remains to be seen.





*While emphasis in Communist China is on higher education, the young people are not overlooked. Universal education for all schoolchildren is one of prime requisites.*

### ***Education for Tomorrow***

# **China: Efficiency and a Will to Power**

by Murray G. Ross

THE TWO NATIONS with the most rapidly expanding economies in the world to-day are the two countries which probably spend the highest percentage of their national income on education. The USSR and the People's Republic of China are, by common consent, the great threats to the West because they are growing at a pace which, if continued over the next century, would leave western nations far behind. Both these Communist countries, in which live close to one billion people, are dedicated to education. Whether education is cause or effect of the vast industrial development in Russia and China is a moot point, but that the Communists believe it is an essential aspect of their growth, cannot be denied.

A good deal has been written about education in the USSR. To date there have been but meagre reports on educational developments in China because few Westerners have been given the opportunity of visiting schools and universities in the People's Republic. My own visit to the educational institutions in China was marked by hospitality and great kindness. The international climate has changed since my visit a year ago, and I doubt if I would now have the same opportunity for close inspection of educational developments there. Perhaps this makes more important some appraisal of higher education in China, since the

main lines of its development were obvious when I was there.

The dominant pattern of higher education in China is similar to that of the USSR. Separate institutes are established for each major field of study such as engineering, medicine, pedagogy, agriculture. The universities are devoted exclusively to the humanities and natural sciences. This is a pattern strongly supported by many North American educators, but it is not one which has had any wide support in practice.

At the time I was in China there were 229 institutes of higher learning:

Universities	16	Financial	5
Engineering	44	Law & Politics	5
Agriculture	28	Language	
Forestry	3	Institutes	8
Pedagogical	57	Physical	
Pharmaceutical	37	Education	6
		Artistic Schools	17
		National Minorities	3

The present emphasis in higher education in China is evident when enrolment in these institutes is considered. The institutes with the largest enrolment are Engineering with 165,000 students, Pedagogical with 113,000 students and, far behind, the universities with 48,000. Over half the students in higher education in

China are enrolled in Polytechnical and Pedagogical Institutes. The demand for engineers to build "the new China" is very great, and priority is given, for this reason, to these institutes. But the great expansion of public and secondary schools requires more and more teachers and the relatively high enrolment in Pedagogical Institutes reflects this situation.

The humanities and pure sciences, obviously, receive less attention and indicate that at the moment the Chinese are concerned with immediacies and with getting the practical tasks of rebuilding the nation underway. There is some awareness among Chinese educators that such a policy is self-defeating, for it is the pure sciences that provide the fundamental knowledge upon which applied science and professional education are built. Even the USSR has long since recognized this fact, and the pure sciences are given equal, if not prior, rating with the applied sciences in educational planning in that country.

Similarly, education becomes narrow and stifling if there is not scholarly work in the humanities, and the relative neglect of the classics in higher education in China is certain to affect adversely the quality of education not only in the universities, but at every level of the educational system. Beset with a multiplicity of problems in their program of national

development the Chinese have said "first things first" and for them, engineers and teachers are their prior need.

It must be said that there is awareness of these inadequacies and a desire to remedy them as soon as possible. Some change is already in evidence. I had a long talk with Professor Ling-Hsiang, the Dean of Graduate Studies at Peking University (who took his Ph.D. in Biochemistry at the University of Toronto in 1942), in which he outlined very ambitious plans for research in the natural sciences at Peking for which funds have already been made available.

In every institute of higher learning in China today, two basic courses are given: the first deals with the history of the Chinese revolution and the second with historical and dialectic materialism. The purpose of these two courses is to indoctrinate the students thoroughly with Marxist philosophy and its applicability to the situation in China. I found the Chinese very rigid in their approach to these two subjects. In both the Soviet Union and China, I asked professors who taught historical and dialectic materialism a variety of questions about these courses, one of which was sufficiently naive to invite a frank response. "Is it possible for a student who believes in God to pass this course?"

In both cases they were somewhat surprised by the question. But in the Soviet Union the answer tended to be: "Marxism is the scientific view of life, and we would try to show such a student the truth, but if he could not accept it and wished to believe in God, that is his business. Of course he could pass." This showed far more tolerance and flexibility in attitude than that displayed by the Chinese professors, who tended to look at me blankly and reply, "We've never had a student like that." And, of course, the process of selecting only "loyal citizens of character" would eliminate such students in Chinese universities.

Following the pattern of higher education in the USSR, the universities and

institutes in China are moving towards five and six year courses (rather than the Canadian four year courses) for a first (or Bachelor's) degree. In all courses the procedure is much the same: two years of general work, two years of specialization in the major subject, and a final year of relatively independent research on a problem in the student's field of specialization.

While the amount of work required of the student is greater than that required of a student in a comparable course in Canada, the graduate in China is not superior to our own. At the University of Peking, I talked with four Chinese professors (all of whom had graduate degrees from Canadian Universities) who were frank to admit their standards had not reached the level of our Universities or of the Universities of the USSR.

In terms of educational philosophy the conception of the Chinese institutes of higher learning, apart from the restrictive conditions mentioned above, is admirable. Education is considered to be important and almost everything is provided that seems necessary to do the task well. Few educators in Canada would not be envious of the very excellent arrangements and procedures found in Chinese institutes of higher learning.

The university or institute is, to begin with, considered to be a "community" in itself. Physically, this means the provision of a relatively self-contained campus on which live all members of staff and all students; in which all classrooms, libraries and recreational facilities are located; and in which hospital, medical, laundry, and other services are included. There is little need for either staff or students to leave the campus during the entire academic term.

This not only facilitates concentration on the task at hand, namely study and research, but provides for a degree of communication among the staff and between staff and students that is found in few universities in the world. Aesthetically, many of these campuses are very beautiful, with trees, flowers, water

(there is a substantial lake in the centre of the University of Peking's campus) and well designed and skilfully located buildings. The atmosphere is one that encourages quiet and contemplation. It is a world apart, which in conception is consistent with that of our greatest universities.

One cannot but be impressed also with the well equipped laboratories and modern research facilities. There may be poverty—or what approximates it, for the visitor from the West—on the streets of Peking, but within the University or Institute grounds, one finds no evidence of inadequate financial resources. The laboratories in the physical sciences, for example, have all the equipment necessary for modern teaching and research. Surprisingly enough, some of this intricate research equipment is made in China—because, as one professor told me, it could not be imported "and so, since necessity is the mother of invention, we had to make it ourselves."

There is evidence on every hand of rapid physical expansion to meet the space requirements of an enrolment which has increased four-fold in the past eight years. I would judge that at least half of the buildings at institutes of higher learning that I visited, are of very recent origin. These new buildings are of excellent design—more efficient than anything I saw in the USSR—with ample research and teaching space. At the Polytechnical Institute outside Peking there was one large building given over entirely to research in hydro-dynamics, in which there were large-scale "live models" of four dams which are to be constructed in China in the next five-year period.

At the same Institute the Director showed me with pride five dormitories, opened this year, which house 2,200 students. At the University of Peking with 8,000 students, there is a great library (with many Canadian publications) in which there are three reading rooms, each seating 1,250 students. These are, as those familiar with universities in

*The campus of Yenching University in Peking. Students are housed free of charge in barracks-type buildings in background.*





*Relief from financial matters shows in carefree faces of Chinese students.*

Canada will know, significant developments. But they are in China illustrative of the usual rather than the unusual.

The students admitted to institutes of higher learning in China are provided with resources for living and for study long advocated by educators throughout the world. All students are relieved of any concern with financial matters. Tuition is free. Accommodation in the campus dormitories is also free. If the student needs additional funds, stipends (financial allowances) are available. In the institutes I visited, about 65 per cent of the students enrolled were in receipt of stipends, the amount of which is determined for each student by the recommendation of the student council to the administration of the institute.

Further, all students, as implied above, live in dormitories on the campus. The advantages of well conducted residential halls in terms of the social and intellectual growth of students is well known to educators in Canada, but few of them have been able to convince their benefactors that such residences are essential in all programs of higher education. There is not, in Ontario, one University which is able to provide residential accommodation for even fifty per cent of its student body. In China, all institutes of higher learning provide residential accommodation for all their students.

If the students are well provided for in the university or institutes they attend, they are expected to work diligently for this honor. While the work load varies by institution and by course, I would judge the norm to be about 56 hours a week—28 hours in class and 28 hours in study. Classes are held six days a week during an academic term of ten months—from September 1st to July 15th, with a week of vacation in winter and another four weeks in the spring. For reasons which I will indicate later, the quality of work is below that in Canadian universities, but the amount of work accomplished by students is quite remarkable. I have never known students—except in the USSR—to work as consistently and as diligently as these Chinese students.

The weak point in the program of higher education in China is the quality

of teaching. The rapidly increasing enrollment in universities and institutes has far out-paced the ability of these institutions to recruit and/or to train first-rate academicians and teachers. The result is that, at most institutions I visited, there are extremely few senior staff members in relation to the total staff. At one of the major institutes of higher learning in China there is a teaching staff of 1,000 but there are only 10 full professors and 90 assistant professors. The other 900 teachers are all junior men called assistants, comparable in status and training to our lecturers and instructors.

The number of senior men (professors, associate professors and assistant professors) at York University is almost double the number of lecturers and the ratio of senior personnel at the University of Toronto to total teaching staff is about 1 to 3.5, compared with the 1:10 in the Chinese institutes mentioned. In other words, we have almost three times as many senior staff persons relative to total staff, as at a comparable institution in China. Of the inadequacy of this situation the Chinese are quite aware, and it is to their credit that they have not panicked and burdened their best men with heavy teaching loads.

On the contrary, a university professor in China has a lighter teaching load than a professor in Canada. In China he may teach only one course (4 or 5 hours a week) but he is required to supervise the work of 4 or 5 superior students, most of whom, it is hoped, will become university teachers. In this way the effort of the university is focused where it is expected to produce the most effective

long term results—namely, the development of the very best students on the campus. But obviously this system has weaknesses—certainly to the degree that the majority of students are taught almost exclusively by younger, inexperienced, and relatively unqualified men, the quality of education must suffer.

The professor in the Chinese university does not enjoy the status of the professor in the USSR or in Canada. His salary is modest, ranging from 60 to 390 yuan (about \$24 to \$156) per month. My impression was that many are not entirely free of suspicion of harboring rightist ideas and their political and social status suffers thereby. I was told by a Minister of the People's Republic that "all professors must attend weekly meetings to be informed about what we are doing." Nonetheless, the Chinese professor has some advantages: he and his family are supplied with a comfortable home on the campus for a few yuan a month; he has free medical care, an assured retirement income, and perhaps most important, adequate funds for his own research and scholarly study.

Everyone with whom I talked in China began by telling me that until 1948 China had been a semi-feudal state. However one may designate the pre-revolutionary period, it is obvious that China was a backward, undeveloped country in which existed little concern for the welfare of the masses. In a wave of enthusiasm which has continued over the past decade, China has been seeking to gain a place of ascendancy in the world. In this effort education is obviously destined to play a major role and developments in this field have added importance for this reason.

The objectives are clear: universal education for school children, intensive training and specialization in all post-secondary school education, thorough indoctrination at all stages of the educational process. Such a program produced results in terms of material gains and of loyal citizens in the USSR. It may do the same in China. If it does, there will be a new world power, for China is a country with three times the population of either the USSR or the United States and a unique "will to power" nourished by centuries of feelings of inadequacy.



*Shanghai students demonstrate in demand for increased university funds.*

# Antics and Accomplishments by Mr. Gould

by Graham George

THREE POLICIES have a marked effect on the character of the Vancouver International Festival: an interest in Asian cultures, a concern with Canadian art and artists, and a purpose to bring the cultures of Europe, America and Asia into relation with one another. The first of these policies has two forms of expression in this year's festival: the appearance of the Peking Opera, whose performance dates remove it from the present review, and the presentation of Puccini's understandably durable *Madame Butterfly*.

*Butterfly* took off shakily, suffering fairly severely from first-night paralysis, but by the time it reached its third performance it had become generally very good, working up by the end of the second act to its proper emotional height. It must be admitted that Richard Verreau, splendid in voice and technique, who later in the festival performed notably in Schubert's *A flat Mass*, is far from being an actor and perhaps farthest of all from being the brash, self-confident Pinkerton. As a result, part of the first act of this production was relatively inert.

Teresa Stratas sang excellently and shows the promise of very considerable dramatic force: it was she, with Louis Quilico as a consistently excellent Sharpless, and Patricia Rideout as a more than reliable Suzuki, who brought emotional fervor to its proper pitch in Act II. The orchestra (Nicholas Goldschmidt conducting), which had played rather raggedly at the first performance, had got to know the music by the third (as one of its members said) and played very well.

The stage set, by Vancouver's New York-trained Gail McCance, is superb—if you like your stage sets very realistic. It is said to be modelled on the University of British Columbia's Nitobe Memorial Gardens, but if you go out to the university you may have the impression that the Nitobe Memorial Gardens are being modelled on Mr. McCance's set. The costumes, from Japan, are authentic down to under-garments—a fact vouched for by the festival's publicity department and bashfully repeated here as a symbol of doubt whether so much authenticity is really desirable.

Gail McCance's set, beautiful as it is, weakens the power of action by smothering the imagination in fact: for the mind

is extraordinarily fertile in providing its own setting for dramatic action, and imagination seems balked when too much is presented to the outward eye. Similarly, that the costumes are not only lovely but also authentic, constitutes a detail of satisfaction, but not one for which the viewer is willing to pay a high price.

The price in this case proves too high, because authenticity has by this time become an obsession with the producers, causing a great deal of "sandals off—sandals on" activity and eventually leading the audience (by now almost as de-

pendent, fear-haunted, nostalgic gloom, giving way at times to an unreal, frenetic gaiety. It seems that our composers have looked at the world about them and, loathing what they see, turned their thoughts inward only to recoil in disgust at the horrors they find there. This is of course absurd, because Canadians are not like that—even Canadian composers are not like that. But they presumably think they are evading their responsibilities if they don't mirror the unease of the twentieth century world.

Let them reconsider this. We do not



Puccini's durable *Madame Butterfly* got off to shaky start, later improved.

voted to authenticity as the producers) to wonder why Consul Sharpless need be so meticulous about taking his shoes off in Act II when he will tramp all over the house in them in Act III. This may be entirely justified by the tradition of Japanese-American diplomatic relations, but an audience neither knows nor cares what the actual custom is, or was, and it is not in the nature of art that it should: what matters is that its attention must not be distracted from the action of the drama by minutiae of irrelevant authenticity.

The Canadian Music Festival—three concerts presenting twelve contemporary Canadian instrumental works—showed our music as pervaded by an appre-

need our artists to tell us how nasty things are: we need them to pierce the fog and lead us to the contemplation of reality—a function that only the intuitions of art and religion can fulfil. If any people on earth ought to have red blood in their veins and muscle in their thinking, Canadians ought: we are as a nation only just adolescent, and it is surely ridiculous to write music as from an old men's home.

Violet Archer removes herself from this category: her cello sonata was impassioned, noble, tender and moving, and she tops her colleagues by combining technical control (also strongly evident in Barbara Pentland's music) with emotional power. Similarly Oskar Morawetz's



A small but power-packed opera, *Noah's Flood* proved to be absorbing study.

second string quartet is capable, expressive music in a late post-Wagnerian idiom, and he may perhaps be forgiven its "elderly" quality relative to his actual age since he comes from one of the sadder corners of twentieth century Europe.

There were other exceptions to the prevailing misery, but not many and not marked. Harry Freedman has a nice feeling for sensuously attractive dissonance in the manner of Bartok, whose style of instrumentation he follows but whose sense of structure he lacks. Harry Somers' *North Country Suite* is very capable and imaginative, if somewhat fragmentary, and Eldon Rathburn's *Cartoon No. 2* at any rate doesn't take itself too seriously; but it is tainted with film-music's special flavor of superficiality. Still, it was a relief in its context.

Talivaldis Kenins' *Symphony for Chamber Orchestra* is quite conceivably a good piece—at least it moves—but it was No. 12 in the series of twelve works and the audience had by that time heard so many protoreptiles emerging from primordial slime that judgment had drowned in torpor. One would have to hear it again to be sure.

The audience, though it was a festival one which travelled seven miles across town to hear the concerts and may therefore reasonably be considered an *élite*, was unable to be more than polite, except that of course it gave an extra hand to Vancouver composers. This is surely significant. We hear much nowadays about there being no need for communication in the arts, but if this is so the public is entitled to stay at home as it mostly does.

The spectacle of the public with its nose pressed against the artist's window, prying into his private life, is neither edifying nor believable, and it is noteworthy that Arnold Schoenberg, to whom no extremist of modernism has yet claimed to be superior, talked no such nonsense. His aim was comprehensibility,

and he reaches out to touch even those to whom his music is unsympathetic when he writes to Humphrey Searle: "It should be mentioned that in the formula 'The Method of Composing with Twelve Tones' the accent does not lie so much on twelve tones, but on the art of composing". It would not be fair or accurate to imply that most Canadian composers intend to be uncommunicative, but it is a fact that what they try to communicate is so introvert that, unless their psyches are a lot more interesting than they can reasonably expect them to be, the public is justified in refusing to concern itself.

To the festival, let's not forget, we owe our thanks for their courage in letting us hear a large enough amount of Canadian music for an opinion to be formed, revised or confirmed.

There seemed to be two factions at the concerto concert with Glenn Gould as the chief soloist: there were the orchestra, Louis Lane its conductor and George Zukerman the bassoon soloist, who seemed to be chiefly concerned with himself. The concert opened with a very pleasant *concerto grosso* by the eighteenth century composer Charles Avison, after



Kersten Meyer's voice delighted.

which came Mr. Gould's piano, his special chair, his glass of water and some tattered musical scores for him to fiddle with when not playing.

Mr. Gould then rolled on with his customary dot-and-carry slouch, collapsed into the chair, crossed his legs, swept his hair out of his eyes and withdrew into a state which might have been contemplation or boredom. He played the Mozart *C minor* concerto adequately, reserving for the orchestral introduction to the last movement a conjuring trick in which he took the glass of water from the top of the piano, turned his back on the audience to drink, and allowed the glass to disappear so that those on the right-hand side of the auditorium might well suppose the piano's next entry to have occurred with it still in his fingers. For the rest he did nothing disturbing except make faces, sing, conduct an imaginary orchestra, and stamp on the floor with his heel.

Now these comments are not made in order to be unkind, but because Mr. Gould has been before the public quite a long time now, his musicianship is unchallenged, and we are justified in taking stock of him to see how much of these unfortunate mannerisms we his audience are willing to submit to and for how long. First, is it authentic or is it showmanship of a vulgar sort? As recently as two or three years ago it seemed authentic: now—for this listener—it is hard to believe in. But if it is authentic, then Mr. Gould ought for his own sake to make vigorous efforts to stop it.

If it is showmanship—even though based on natural idiosyncrasies—it is a great pity that so fine a musician should make himself appear indistinguishable from a movie comic. Potential audiences may soon be divided into those who can tolerate his antics for the sake of his music and those who cannot—together, of course, with those who will go to his concerts for the antics more than for the music. The question for him is: does he want a reputation as part musician, part clown? Because that's what he seems to be getting.

Mr. Zukerman gave an excellent performance of Weber's technically demanding, musically not very considerable concerto for bassoon, after which Mr. Gould returned with the Beethoven Fourth to prove what a superb player he is.

At his solo recital two nights later Mr. Gould was much better behaved: he sang a little, crossed his legs and then uncrossed them again as if it really had been by mistake, and conducted his mental orchestra without undue vigor. He gave an impressive performance of Beethoven's *Eroica* variations, causing a listener experienced both in concert-going and in the ways of performing artists to remark that he is at his best when the music is so difficult he has no time to play tricks. It may not be significant

in relation to these activities of his that the music he makes is technically magnificent and of great sensitivity, but not yet of great nobility.

At his third appearance Mr. Gould did three remarkable things. First, he—not Schoenberg—pulled twelve hundred people into the International Cinema for a program consisting entirely of Schoenberg's works; secondly he played with superlative musicianship the *Piano Suite Opus 25*, the piano part of the *Ode to Napoleon*, and accompaniments to Kerstin Meyer's performance of two early songs and *The Book of the Hanging Gardens*; thirdly, he occupied an hour or so with an extremely competent, intelligent and sensible discussion of the historical and philosophic background which made Schoenberg what he was.

Faced with these accomplishments one is inclined to say "All right—since he is



Pianist Gould seems to be seeking a reputation as part musician, part clown.

as good as this, anything goes". Yet he did it with no buttons on his white waistcoat, his braces showing, looking as if he had slept in the elevator. The previous question, of interest to Mr. Gould and his admirers, can be re-phrased as: What brought the twelve hundred people?"

**Have you ever spent** forty-five minutes trying not to burst into tears in public? It's very tiring. This was the experience of a surprising number of calloused music-lovers at the opening performance of Benjamin Britten's small but power-packed opera, based on one of the Chester miracle plays, *Noah's Flood*. It would be easy to say that its emotional force comes from the charm of small children (Noah's animals) devoting themselves, absorbed, to a work of religious significance. But it is more than that: the work itself is a revelation of spiritual perception.

The text—touching, intimate, awful and earthily comic by turns; the infallible structure, into which the auditor is pulled at once willy-nilly and the door slammed on him so that he can't get free until the magic is over and the spell undone; and Britten's uncanny power of finding musical expression both for the whole and for the part: his incomparable use of materials which are at the same time immediately comprehensible and intimately original—these are some of the main causes. Most of us are in a spiritual muddle these days, and it had the quality of a marvellous rediscovery to recognize that the reality of spiritual experience is there waiting to be found, and that it is the artist, cutting by his lightning-flash through sophistication and custom, who can bring us there.

There were other good things at Vancouver but we should need twice the

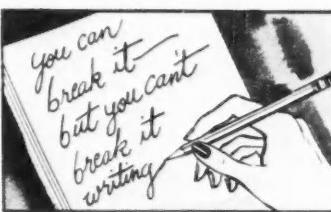
space we have to give them their due. Kerstin Meyer singing beautifully in Mahler's *Wayfarer* songs and Schoenberg's *Hanging Gardens*; William Steinberg making the orchestra do so well with the *Symphonie Fantastique* as to put us in danger of punning; Welton Marquis's Vancouver Bach Choir giving distinguished performances of Schubert and Bruckner; Hal Holbrook indescribably funny as Mark Twain.

It remains to be noted with regret, as a postscript to last year's article on the Queen Elizabeth Theatre, that the plaza restaurant now assails the ears, seduces the morals and saps the strength of its patrons with recorded performances of musical irrelevancies; thus this once-so-pleasant place is degraded to the level of any other restaurant where taste is confined to the table.

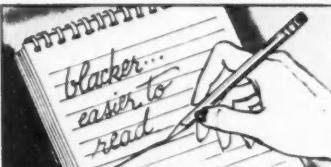
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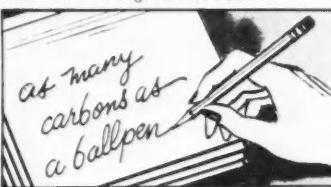
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# Spain Today:

## No Stability

### Without a Change

by John Gellner



*A man of military and political genius, General Franco has not yet tried to groom a successor.*

SPAIN TODAY is not unlike Turkey in the last years of Kemal Atatürk, a country long autocratically ruled which urgently needs a change of regime to preserve those benefits which the dictatorship has brought it. In Spain, there is an even more important reason for change: the absolute necessity to bring about a national reconciliation which has not been achieved even 21 years after the end of the Civil War, and which clearly can not be achieved as long as the leader of the victorious faction is at the head, and his principal lieutenants in control of the apparatus of the State.

The minority of those Spanish people who are satisfied with things as they are now may not be as insignificant as some foreign writers have alleged it to be. It is probably quite a sizeable minority. But the fact remains that there is still an occupation regime in Spain, with the Spanish Army as the occupation force. There can be no real stability (and, of course, not even the rudiments of personal freedom) until the military regime gives way to a normal political organization.

General Franco undoubtedly realizes this just as clearly as do all thoughtful Spaniards or all those foreign observers who now look with dismay at the Spanish civic scene ("civic" is perhaps not an altogether appropriate adjective, but to use "political" would be an exaggeration). The best proof of that is that he has done little, if anything, to institutionalize his regime. Above all, he has refrained from giving it a broad basis of organized support, anything even faintly resembling

such socio-political colossi as were the Fascists in Italy or the Nazis in Germany. In comparison with them, the Spanish "Falange" is politically almost insignificant—it has been spoken of, and with some justice, as a "mutual benefit society" or as "boy scouts". And the "National Movement" is simply another name for what Franco wants.

Nor has there ever been much of an attempt to conceal the fact that the regime is in power because it won over an inimical part of the people—and the majority of it at that, initially at least. This, too, tends to give it still the earmarks of a military occupation. Even the offer to let the dead of the Republican side be re-buried with the Nationalists in the pantheon of the Civil War, the monumental Valle de los Cadios, is no more than an empty gesture—and is not likely to be taken up. How could it be, when Franco at the opening ceremony spoke about his "crusade", a crusade against some of those whom the memorial is supposed to honor in death?

There is no doubt that Franco is a man of genius, military and, above all, political. He has supreme self-confidence—otherwise he could not have ruled Spain for so long by his will alone—but he is no megalomaniac and he is a fervent Spanish patriot. Thus one could safely assume, even if there were no clear indications to confirm such an assumption, that Franco is looking for a successor under whom national reconciliation could be achieved without the loss of national discipline which has been implanted into a politically notoriously volatile nation

by more than two decades of iron-fisted rule.

At present, this dual end could only be achieved by the restoration in fact of the monarchy instead of in name as it now is in Spain. This would mean the assumption of the throne by the Pretender, the Count of Barcelona, Don Juan de Bourbon y Battenberg. He is, so to speak, the personified future of Spain.

Why, then, with Spain a monarchy (on paper at least), with Franco all-powerful and the actual occupation of the throne by the rightful successor to the last king apparently fitting into Franco's plans, is the Count of Barcelona not already King of Spain? The answer lies in the personality of the Pretender, and in the nature of the Franco regime. The difficulty of reconciling one with the other has left so far unsolved the whole question of succession to Franco.

The man whom we have called the personified future of Spain lives in a spacious and comfortable, but unpretentious white villa at 19, Rua de Musinho de Albuquerque, at Estoril, the principal resort on Portugal's "Sun Coast". Don Juan is a big, bluff man, with a deeply tanned face which bears none of the characteristic, sharply chiselled, ascetic features of his paternal family. At 47, he exudes health and energy.

His English is fluent—through his mother he is a great-grandson of Queen Victoria—but he speaks it with a noticeable Spanish accent. After a few minutes

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25



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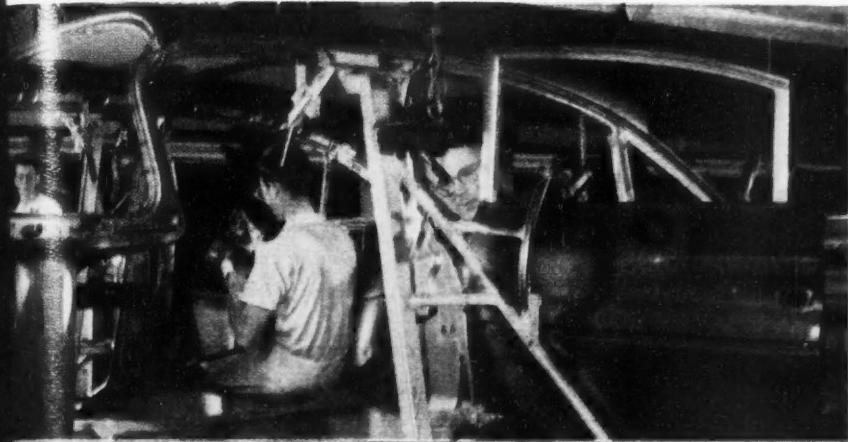
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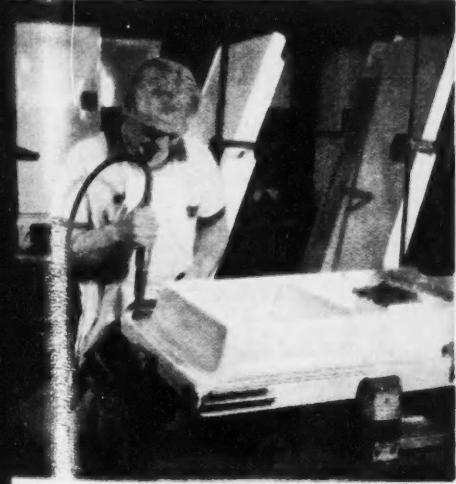
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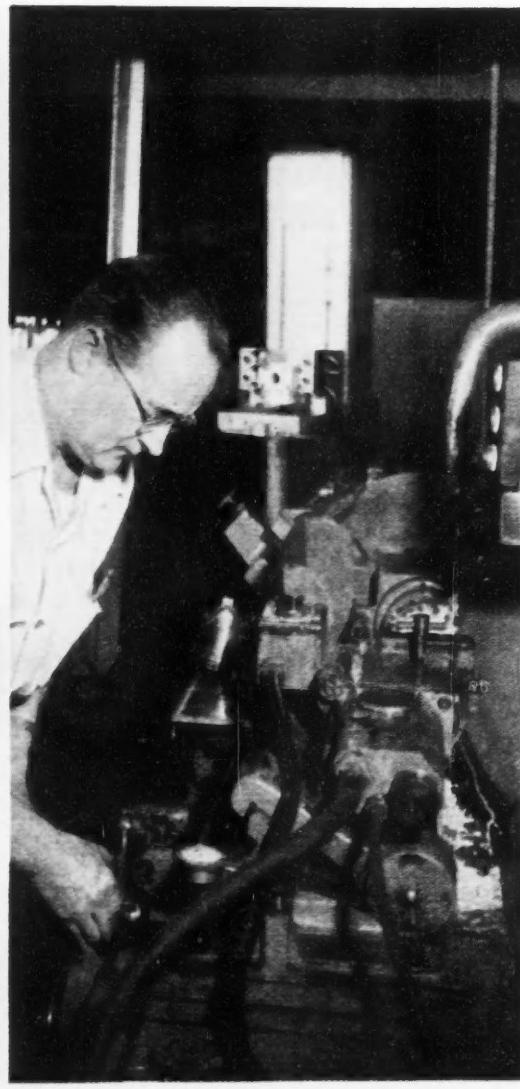


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of conversation one knows that, there, in the deep leather armchair of the small upstairs library, sits a highly intelligent, extremely well read, and, above all, very sincere man who knows what he wants and does not mind telling it with great frankness. One gets immediately the impression that Don Juan would make a very popular king, but one who would not easily efface himself, who would want to rule as well as reign.

Don Juan has been called a "Pretender who does not pretend", and at first sight his position looks, in fact, cleverly pat. It is that he is already the King of Spain, ever since his father, King Alfonse XIII, died in 1941, merely barred by the government in power from exercising his monarchical functions. He is not even an exile. If he does not live in Spain, it is because he can not do so without reigning as king. He will return as soon as the obstacles which now prevent him from exercising his royal powers are removed.

Accordingly, he dismisses as stuff and nonsense the reports, which keep on appearing in the foreign press, that Franco is "grooming" the Pretender's son, Don Juan Carlos, for the kingship. True, ever since his first meeting with Franco, in January, 1955, he has let Don Carlos be educated in Spain. Nothing extraordinary about that. The young man is, after all, the crown prince and it is only right and proper that he should grow up a Spaniard among Spaniards, so much more as, in his case, there are no constitutional objections to his residence in Spain.

But Don Carlos' education is guided by his father and not by Franco. His household, too, is chosen by Don Juan. Its composition actually shows it: not by the farthest stretch of the imagination could the head of the prince's personal household, the Duke de Frias, or his chief tutor, Professor Palacios, or his personal chaplain, P. Suarez Verdaguera, be called active supporters of the regime. Nor is there any significance in the fact that Don Carlos lives in Madrid in Zarzuela Palace which, as some papers have emphasized, is "near Franco's residence, the Prado". Everything is comparatively near the Prado in the heart of Madrid, and Zarzuela Palace was simply chosen from a number of Crown properties as the one most suitable for housing the crown Prince and his small court.

The insistence of the Pretender that only he can be king of Spain does not stem from ambition or pride. Nor is the reason which he gives for his stand (which at first sight appears to be harmful to the interests of the dynasty, as it is believed that Don Carlos would now be king if his father would only allow him) that kingship must be based on legitimacy and that the whole idea of monarchy would fall if the king could simply be chosen look like a full explanation.

Rather it is Don Juan's persuasion that if Don Carlos were appointed king by Franco he would inherit the very hatreds which the restoration it is hoped, will quell. In that case the dynasty could not accomplish its principal immediate task of bringing about national reconciliation—and, consequently, could not last for long, either.

This, in fact, is the main area of disagreement between Franco and the Pretender. It is because the one wants, and the other does not want, the monarchy to be merely an extension into the future of the present Spanish regime that the throne of Spain is empty, the urgent task of national reconciliation undone, and the question of succession to a man who is almost 68 and who alone now is the government of Spain still unsettled.

Of late, informed people have had the impression that the two men are coming closer and that a compromise is in the offing. There is really no evidence of that. Franco still sticks to what he has said repeatedly, particularly clearly only two years ago, on 17 May 1958, at the opening of the Cortes: Spain is a traditional, Roman-Catholic, social and representative monarchy, but the present regime can only be succeeded by itself and certainly was "not preparing other successions". A 13-man advisory Council of the Realm, composed of the highest dignitaries of the State, is standing-by "to nominate a monarch at the moment best suited to the national interest". It is still Franco who has chosen the Council, who will choose the moment when it will act, and will then in fact choose the king.

Don Juan has probably no quarrel with Franco's description of the Spanish monarchy, although he undoubtedly gives to the term "representative" a vastly different interpretation than does the Caudillo. He also respects Franco as a very great man who, in a good many ways, has served Spain well. But he refuses to bind



Don Juan is Pretender to throne.



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himself beforehand to perpetuate the Franco regime, let alone to demonstrate his willingness to do so by letting himself be appointed king by the dictator. In brief, he wants no strings attached to his return, no strings which might later strangle him and the dynasty.

The communiqué issued after the latest meeting between General Franco and the Pretender—on 29 March 1960, on the estate of the Marquis de Comillas at Las Cabezas, a few miles inside Spain on the Lisbon-Madrid highway—contains nothing that would indicate that this basic difference has been settled. The occasion was ostensibly (but not very credibly) the desire of the two men to discuss the further education of the Crown Prince—as we said earlier, Don Juan maintains that this is entirely his affair. Consequently, he made sure that no false interpretation was given to the announced

Losses in life exceeded one million. The savagery with which the war was fought has torn the nation asunder. The following long years of persecutions, and the continued exercise of absolute power by the victors, has kept the cleavages wide open. The memory of the terrible economic consequences of the war, of the back-breaking labor required to bring the country at least back to the conditions, poor as they were even then, of the years before 1936, is still very vivid. Not unnaturally, to the average Spaniard anything is preferable to the repetition of what happened in, and because of, the Civil War.

That it could all happen again is not just a bugbear invented by political conservatives, but a very real possibility. Dictatorial power does not usually devolve from one holder to the next. It happened in Russia, but even there only



Aspects of Franco's regime have all the earmarks of a military occupation.

purpose of the discussion by having inserted into the communiqué the statement that the education of Don Carlos in Spain in no way "prejudiced the question of succession nor the normal inheritance of dynastic obligations and responsibilities".

This does not look as if Don Juan had yielded an inch. That the communiqué also says that he and General Franco met in an atmosphere of "great cordiality" and that they found themselves in agreement on issues of national importance for Spain is in comparison insignificant, no more than customary diplomatic verbiage. Thus the impasse remains.

This is a great pity, for the dismantling of the military dictatorship is becoming a matter of ever greater urgency in Spain and, whether or not this would be the best solution, it can be done peacefully probably only through the restoration of the monarchy. The longer that restoration is postponed, the greater the danger that the changeover will be violent.

The fear of another Civil War is actually the strongest asset in the hands of the forces working toward a Restoration. For the Spanish Civil War, 1936-1939, was a nightmare which still hangs like an oppressive pall over the country.

there is little organized opposition to the regime, not that there are not millions of people who oppose it.

Communism is a latent danger. In the Civil War, General Franco did not save Spain from Communism—rather, he created a very real Communist threat and then eliminated it (the Communists were so negligible a force in Spain, in 1936, that Franco did not even mention them in his initial pronouncements; they became immensely powerful after the Republican Government accepted aid from the Soviet Union and had to pay the price for it).

Now again, the continued existence and unchanged oppressiveness of the Franco regime helps Communism to survive, and probably even to grow, clandestinely. The Communists thrive, as everywhere else, on the poverty of the masses, and in Spain particularly on the fact that they control the only means of mass communication accessible to the average Spaniard beside those controlled by the Government.

There has been considerable economic progress in Spain in these last years, but the small wage earner has not benefitted much from it. The average worker's hourly wage is still less than 10 pesetas (a peseta is worth a little over one-and-a-half cents) and 15 pesetas an hour is very good pay, indeed. That the working man enjoys job security to a quite extraordinary degree is no compensation for the fact that what he earns is barely enough to keep body and soul together. This breeds widespread and justified discontent—the point has been made quite strongly by the Church which, less subject to censorship than other Spanish institutions, has been able to castigate this kind of social injustice rather openly.

If the plight of the industrial worker is grave, that of the agricultural is, if anything, worse, and Communism feeds on it. It is able to spread its messages through a number of regular Spanish-language broadcasts from behind the Iron Curtain, above all through the Radio España Independiente in Prague. These broadcasts have considerable influence on all those who want to hear criticism of conditions in Spain and attacks on the unpopular regime, even though they may be anti-Communists. Spanish democracy on the other hand has no voice. Western broadcasts either do not criticize the Franco regime at all (Voice of America) or, at best, only by implication (BBC).

There is, of course, something like a liberal-democratic opposition in the country, at present reportedly united in an underground Central Committee which comprises representatives of such divergent groups as the Socialist and the Anarchist Trade Unions on one side, the Christian Democrats and the monarchist Unión Española on the other. It has the backing of much of the minor clergy

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(and of at least some members of the higher hierarchy) and of many officers in the junior and medium grades. The Central Committee has, incidentally, come out in favor of a "democratic and constitutional monarchy". It is questionable whether it also commands the allegiance of any considerable section of the young intelligentsia. The majority of the latter is probably farther to the Left.

The politicians-in-exile, largely discredited, out-of-touch with Spanish affairs, and embittered by more than two decades of the futilities of emigré politics, probably have little influence in the country (with the possible exception of the socialist Partido Socialista Obrero Español (PSOE), with headquarters in Toulouse, France), but their printing presses could well add to the general confusion if the present regime should begin splitting at the seams.

The inherent danger which comes from keeping an independent-minded people under fairly efficient perhaps, but soul-destroying tutelage, is increasing as the generation of the Civil War dies out and a new one, which does not remember the catastrophe and thus is not paralyzed by evil memories, comes up. There is an air of uneasiness and irritation in Spain, which even the casual visitor can feel.

There are also stirrings of open discontent, most recently in the Basque country and in Andalusia, to which the Government reacts in a manner that shows that it considers them symptomatic. It would be a wild exaggeration to suggest that the Franco regime is getting shaky—as long as the Caudillo is at the helm it will probably have all the outer appearances of overwhelming force—but it clearly now rests entirely on Franco's broad shoulders, if it ever rested on anybody else's.

In the interest of Spain, and of the free world to which Spain really belongs, and not only through some paper agreements, the change-over from military dictatorship to constitutional government should not be delayed much longer. The Pretender, around whose person this change-over could probably take place with the least upheaval, would clearly like to assume his position as the head of the state while Franco still "has the spurs on his boots".

This would undoubtedly be the best solution if only he could avoid creating even the impression that all he was doing was to hold on to Franco's stirrups and run along. For the power which Franco wields, a power which in all probability can not be seriously challenged as long as he is determined, and physically and mentally able, to hold on to it, is tainted by the manner in which it was acquired and in which it was later exercised. He can neither transfer it in his lifetime nor bequeath it after death. But he can step aside, and let Spain start on a new leaf.

# The Session of the "Little Man"

by Peter Stursberg

IT IS OBVIOUS that Prime Minister Diefenbaker wants the past session of parliament to be remembered as the "Bill of Rights" session. With half an eye on history, he began the debate on this catalogue of Canadian freedoms at a special two-hour sitting on the anniversary of confederation, the July 1 holiday. While this act may shine amid the legislative flotsam and jetsam of what was an over-long mid-term session, there was the odd development which could be more important. Amid the muddy waters of the endless debates, an occasional political current might be discerned.

After dodging opposition attempts to pry from the government its intentions as far as aid to the western farmers was concerned, the prime minister introduced a plan for a dollar-an-acre payment in the dying days of parliament. This was John Diefenbaker, the politician, as opposed to John Diefenbaker, humanitarian and fighter for human rights. For the Conservatives had it all to themselves, as the only opposition member from the wheat belt, Hazen Argue, was away at the CCF convention. The prairie back benchers rose one after another to praise this hand-out of \$42,000,000 and only Paul Martin, a recent farm convert and somewhat unsure of his catechism, stood in the way. He was buffeted around a bit.

However, it was Alvin Hamilton, the Northern Affairs Minister, who attempted to define the government's philosophy in this and other acts. A fellow Saskatchewanite, he is probably closer to Diefenbaker's peculiar brand of radicalism than any other cabinet minister.

He repeated the government's contention that the acreage payment would help the small farmer and the farmer whose crops had been destroyed, while a deficiency payment would aid the large farmer and lead to surpluses. But he went further: he asserted that the Progressive Conservative Party was the only one fighting for the rights of the small farmer. The Liberal Party, the CCF Party, had "raised their flag on behalf of the large farmer". Even the farm organizations, he claimed, "seemed oriented around the large farmer". Only the Conservative Party was fighting against a hostile press and entrenched interests for the underdog on the prairies.

All of which he blurted out in a cracker-barrel style, more suited to the school halls of his Qu'Appelle constituency than the Commons chamber with its dangling mikes. It was stump oratory,

but he meant it. To Hamilton, the Conservative Party was quite clearly the party of the small man, of the small farmer, and the little shopkeeper. The high tariff Tories with their big business connections were at best a stale joke.

The amended combines investigation Act, which aroused so much controversy in the capital, could be said to bear out Hamilton's claim. Certain parts of it were meant to give protection to the small business man and were so described in the speech from the throne closing the third session of the twenty-fourth parliament. A new section in the Act establishes what amounts to a fair merchandising practise: for instance, a manufacturer would be allowed to stop deliveries to a merchant who was using his product as a "loss leader". Such regulations would be of benefit to the small retailer. One milkman hereabouts increased his business by 25 per cent when a super-market stopped price cutting. But the amended Act does not help the consumer.

Judging from its performance during the past session, the government certainly did not bend over backwards to aid organized labor. It could have disallowed Premier Smallwood's action in banning the International Woodworkers' Union, but it preferred to do nothing. There are some small men who are not considered by this party of the small man.

Actually, the Conservative Party is a

classical example of middle-of-the-road, middle-class party now. The Liberals who also espouse the same role would call it a muddled and opportunist example.

Still, the Conservative Party has come a long way. In fact, with the Bill of Rights, it has made a full political circle, for it was a Conservative government which put the iniquitous Section 98 in the Criminal Code. Under this section, members of the Communist party, including Tim Buck, were thrown into gaol during the Great Depression. Section 98 was not repealed until 1936; it would certainly be contrary to the Bill of Rights now. However, the Conservative government of Sir Robert Borden which initiated the law during the panic following the Winnipeg strike in 1919, and that of R. B. Bennett which used it, bear only a nominal resemblance to the present Conservative government of John Diefenbaker.

By enacting the Bill of Rights, the prime minister kept an election promise and realized a long held ambition. It is surely a good thing to put down a list of Canadian freedoms in the statute book. There is no doubt that this declaration appeals to new Canadians. It was noticeable that Polish born Leon Crestohl praised the bill while the rest of the members of his Liberal party damned it as inadequate. There is room for improvement. It would be better to have the bill of Rights written into the Constitution, and that may come about.

To say that it has not added a scintilla to the rights of Canadians, as some critics have done, is to ignore Section 60 of the Criminal Code. When Section 98 was repealed, a cautious Liberal government replaced it with what was then Section 133 and which later became Section 60 in the revised statutes. This is



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what is known as the "seditious intention" law and it is directed against the publication of seditious literature. There is a presumption of guilt in Section 60: anyone who advocates in any way the overthrow of the government by force is presumed to have seditious intentions. According to the best legal opinion here, this part of the criminal code is contrary to the Bill of Rights and therefore could not be used.

The rights of the individual came up on other occasions during the session. The Indians were given the franchise. By holding up the passage of 452 private divorce bills from Quebec and Newfoundland until the day before Parliament prorogued, a couple of CCF'ers, Frank Howard and Arnold Peters, drew attention to the creaking old-fashioned farce of Canada's divorce laws. They showed that in the great majority of cases, the evidence of adultery was manufactured. There was also the extraordinary two-day debate on a private member's bill to abolish capital punishment, and the sharp, emotional division cutting across party lines which this brought out.

A great deal of time was spent on discussing the Bomarc missile and defence generally, but it is difficult to say what the defence policy is, if there is one. All that is evident is that the government seems anxious to spend as little as possible on this extraordinarily expensive item at the present time. Again, this is a strange position for Conservatives to take, very different from the pro-conscription, big army, jingoistic attitude of the traditional Tories. It is yet another sign of the change that has come about.

Unemployment remains "a cause of concern", according to the throne speech, and opposition members pressed this crown of thorns on the government's head. An expanded winter works program has been announced, but Prime Minister Diefenbaker tends to compare unemployment here with that in the United States and suggest that it is an international problem.

Especial indignation rose among the opposition when it was discovered that the Government had slipped a special report dealing with this matter into the last hours of the session. The report, received by the Government on July 27, revealed that the Unemployment Insurance Fund, if current conditions continue, may be exhausted in two or three years unless revenues are increased or benefit payments decreased. "Contempt of Parliament" was Liberal Leader Pearson's charge in a post-session statement.

During the session, arrangements were made for the payment of old age pensions and veterans' pensions abroad. The small farmer about whom Hamilton was so concerned, the middle classes generally, should be grateful for this. If they hoped to spend their waning years in the sunshine of Florida, they would need their pensions to do so.

## London Letter

by Beverley Nichols

### Picasso and the World at Large

ONE GIGANTIC FIGURE seemed to dominate the London scene throughout the atrocious month of July—the figure of Picasso. The impact of the brilliant exhibition organized by the Arts Council has been so great that it is almost as though a burst of Southern sunshine had exploded through the walls of the Tate Gallery, sending a sultry gleam over the windswept Thames and lighting up the faces of the patient crowds, shivering under their umbrellas as they queue along the walls of the Embankment.

Whatever one may feel about Picasso as a painter, nobody can deny, after this exhibition, that he is a superb business proposition. One can think of few stars of stage or screen who could so effectively stop the traffic, and cause the local authorities to send urgent calls for police reinforcements.

A surprising aspect of the exhibition has been the obviously sincere interest of the Queen, who is not usually greatly interested in pictures—unless, of course, their subject is a horse. It was at the Queen's insistence that a very select little royal party of twelve persons paid a private visit to the Tate after closing hours.

One of those persons described to me how Her Majesty had gazed in a sort of dreadful fascination at the shattering portrait "Woman Weeping", which is one of the studies Picasso made for his monumental mural after the tragedy of Guernica. And how she had left Prince Philip's side, more than once, to return to this picture . . . staring at it as though it had some personal message . . . as indeed it must have, for every woman who is moved by the horror of war.

At the end of one's trek round the gallery—and indeed it is a trek—one emerges feeling stunned. So much that before I went to collect my mackintosh, scarf, umbrella and all the other accoutrements which we need to survive the British midsummer, I wandered into a deserted gallery and sat down in front of a Gainsborough—a delicate, faded masterpiece in grey and green, showing a placid, high-born lady reclining under an ancient oak. It was greatly refreshing.

One's attitude to Picasso, I felt, must probably be decided by one's attitude to the world at large. Does one like the twentieth century? Yes? Then one must

be prepared to pay £50,000 for a Picasso, which shows a lady with a nose placed briskly in the centre of her behind, and three arms emerging from her triangular stomach. Does one hanker after the eighteenth? Yes? Then for half the price one can equip oneself with a duchess whose nose is in the right place, an oak tree which is actually green and growing, some strings of exquisitely painted pearls, and an immortal sunset. Pay your money and take your choice.

If you travel on a bus from Knightsbridge to Hyde Park Corner in these days, and so to Piccadilly, you might well think that you were back in the days of the blitz, such is the scene of devastation, as the vast new schemes for underground road-ways take shape. You see nothing but wide open spaces, pock-marked with craters, littered with uprooted trees, torn down railings, and deep tunnels that are unpleasantly reminiscent of air-raid shelters.

All this is a sign of the tireless energy of perky, ebullient little Ernest Marples, Minister of Transport, who has startled the country by coming second in the biggest of all the national popularity polls. Considering that "our Ernie", as the Londoner affectionately calls him, might well have been the natural target of abuse for every disgruntled motorist, this is indeed a remarkable tribute. Perhaps the quality that has most endeared him to the man-in-the-street is his ac-



Picasso's "Woman Weeping".



"Our Ernie" Marples: Any complaints?

cessibility; his office is wide open to aggrieved lorry-drivers, pernickety pedestrians and the like, who receive the same sympathetic hearing as V.I.P.'s. He even does a sort of Cockney Haroun-el-Raschid act, paying his sixpence for bus rides through the city, listening to the comments of neighbors as they curse the traffic snarls.

I have personal proof of this accessibility. Not long ago, in a moment of irritation, I wrote to "our Ernie" demanding that he should tear up some of the ludicrously wide pavements which throttle the city streets. (In some parts of London they are as broad as tennis courts.) To my astonishment, by return post, came a thousand word reply from the Minister, assuring me that every suggestion in my letter was receiving urgent attention, and at the same time pointing out that it was not quite as simple as I had imagined.

That letter was an eye-opener as to the extent with which our great city is still throttled by medieval red-tape . . . so many local authorities, to be consulted, so many ancient rights to be overruled, so many hide-bound traditions, royal and popular, to be circumvented. It makes one wonder how anything ever gets done at all. And so it is all over the country.

If anybody cherishes the illusion that Britain has really "gone modern"—or ever will—let me draw his attention to a little stretch of pavement in the ancient city of Cambridge. It is called the King's Parade. And if any undergraduate should be so eccentric as to play marbles on it—as was the custom among the more daring spirits of the sixteenth century—it is still within the power of the Vice-Chancellor to inflict the death sentence. Repeat. The death sentence. It would be interesting to see what happened if anybody tried it on.

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At the same time we inflict the most savage penalties on any form of sexual deviation, and we whip the prostitutes off the streets, with the full approval of the vast majority of the electorate.

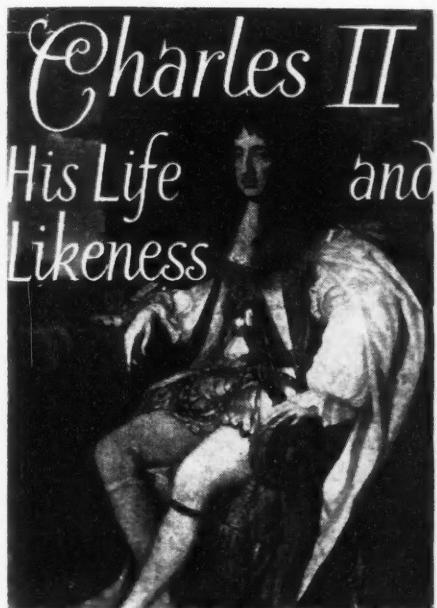
With what results? To me, they are . . . to say the least . . . bizarre. All down the scruffier streets of Soho, and throughout the dingier parts of the West End, a vast advertising agency of vice has manifested itself, in the shape of showcases, filled with visiting cards, giving the addresses and telephone numbers of young persons prepared to accommodate the most exotic tastes. Some of these advertisements would be funny if the undertone was not tragic . . . when one reads that "Miss Slap'em is interested in all forms of physical correction" one's instinctive reaction is a guffaw, until one remembers that Miss Slap'em is not only a woman with a body that can be bruised, but a woman with a heart that can be broken. The charge for displaying these advertisements is high—as much as £20 a week; and needless to say they are not displayed for long; the police see to that. But they appear again, a few days later, in the next street.

**Tourist Note.** Although nobody would question the heroic qualities of Her Majesty's Life Guards, when there is battle afoot, it will hardly be denied that in times of peace their principle function is decorative. The amount of color film that has been expended on their scarlet tunics would probably stretch to the moon.

I now learn that some of these young gentlemen are available for hire. Apparently you can still engage a whole company of state trumpeters at a fee of £5 a head, provided that you can give firm guarantees that they will not be trumpeting on behalf of any political organization or at any occasion that might lead to "controversy". This would seem to be precisely the sort of stunt that might appeal to some rich and dozing parent who was anxious to launch his daughter on the London season with—well—a flourish of trumpets. I recommend it to your attention.

## Books

by Mary Lowrey Ross



Jacket Design

HISTORY PRESENTS its own after-image of famous people, and Charles II has come down to us as "The Merry Monarch", a soubriquet that fits, but fails to cover, one of the most intelligent and realistic of English sovereigns. In *Charles II: His Life and Likeness* Hesketh Pearson has set himself the task of enlarging the portrait and his subject emerges from the record as "the sanest, most human, and civilized of monarchs".

He was also, on the record, one of the luckiest. He came to the throne at a time when his British subjects were literally starved of both merriment and Monarchy. The Restoration had become a historical necessity and Charles was by temperament the ideal restorative. He was worldly, extravagant and pleasure-loving, and his loyal subjects were content, as never before or since in British history, to see him exercise these particular gifts to his heart's content. He was, in effect, an amusement tax which his public was delighted to pay.

"God will not damn a man for a little irregular pleasure," Charles once pointed out. Actually his irregularities were prodigious; but they were arrived at so openly and conducted so affably that his subjects tended to regard them with the indulgence he, in turn, expected from the Deity. The most accommodating of monarchs, he combined a notorious

## The Ideal Restorative

libertinism with the responsible qualities of a good family man. He provided handsomely and permanently for both his mistresses and his numerous bastard children. He was a solicitous father and he remained the loyal friend, even of the mistresses he discarded. His conduct was admittedly shameless; but it was never in the deeply human sense shameful.

The long series of open scandals, openly arrived at, was thus condoned by a generation weary of cant and repression under the Lord Protector. However Charles has not been so fortunate with posterity, which has been taught down the centuries to recognize and dismiss him as the monarch who "never said a foolish thing, and never did a wise one".

Charles himself explained this contradiction with the offhand comment, "My discourse is my own. My actions are my Ministry's." Biographer Pearson makes it clear, however, that this footnote to an epitaph is as misleading as the epitaph itself. Charles' actions were rarely dictated by his Ministry, and most of them were brilliant and far-reaching enough to make his Ministry as well as most of the statesmen of Europe look uncommonly foolish.

At the age of twenty-one, the exiled Charles invaded England at the head of a Scottish army, and was handily defeated by Cromwell. It was the last significant defeat of his career. After the Restoration he took on France, Holland, Spain and his own Parliament and succeeded in outwaiting and outwitting all of them. He was admittedly indolent, but his success, as the writer makes clear, was a good deal more than the triumph of a *fainéant* policy.

He could afford to relax, since he had the intuitiveness of a good card player and knew and evaluated in advance every card in his opponent's hand. Doubling and re-doubling, he took over New York from the Dutch and consolidated the English colony in America. At sea, he easily outdistanced France and Holland and established England as the great naval commercial power of the century. Essen-

tially a man of peace — "I will not make myself uneasy by unnecessary contention" —he tranquilly rode the tide of anti-Catholic fanaticism and eventually dispersed the delirious followers of Titus Oates.

He manipulated religion and politics, allowing Louis of France to bribe him with vast sums as the price of conversion to Catholicism and postponing conversion for fifteen years. He was serenely free from intolerance, prejudice and any moral principle except aversion to cruelty, vindictiveness and "unnecessary contention". Friendly, informal and endlessly curious, he mixed freely with the public, "the only King in history who could have charmed as a commoner". He was beyond comparison the shrewdest statesman in Europe, and in spite of his amorous caperings he retained till the end the respect and affection of his own people.

The Pearson biography is both lively and authoritative. The writer has sketched in the history of the period and while it fits the life and likeness of Charles only where it touches, it fits with remarkable accuracy. With the balance so much in his subject's favor, the biographer, like Charles's Deity, declines to join history in damning his subject for his irregular pleasures.

**Charles II: His Life and Likeness**, by Hesketh Pearson — British Book Service — \$5.

## A World and its People

IT IS THE BUSINESS of the good novelist to create, simultaneously and inseparably, both a world and the people who live in it; and this is precisely what Jessamyn West has accomplished in her recent novel *South of the Angels*. Her people live enclosed in their special horizon, and the wind and weather and changing seasons are as fully integrated in their lives as are their loves, hates and dreams. It is a world so solidly imagined that one can move into it at will, recognizing at every turn, character and the signs of its undoing, catching its people in every attitude of obliquity and shamed good-



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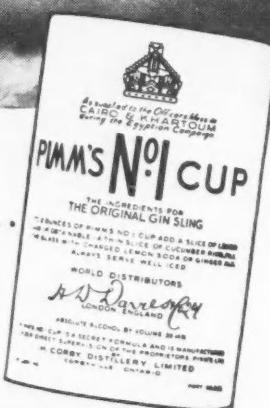
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**South of the Angels**, by Jessamyn West—Longmans, Green—\$6.75.

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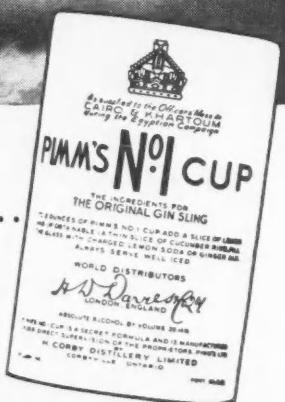
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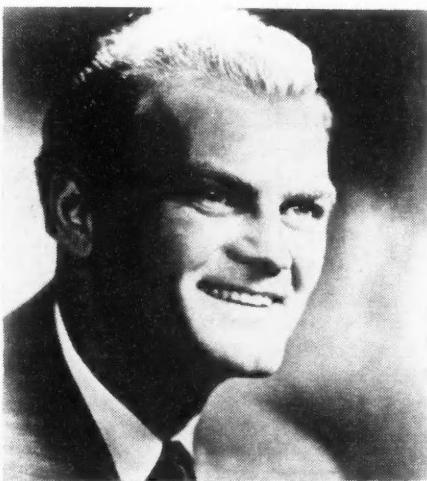
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*The Glad Girl: Nancy Furman, Hayley Mills, Karl Malden, Jane Wyman.*

## Films

by Mary Lowrey Ross

### Disney's Latest Fantasia

NO ONE IN AMERICA, or anywhere else, seems to have Walt Disney's peculiar faculty for making the fantastic commonplace, and the commonplace fantastic. *Pollyanna*, his latest large-scale production, is a singular triumph in the latter field.

One can imagine the protests of colleagues and advisers when Producer Disney announced that he intended to re-film *Pollyanna*. ("Listen Walt, you can't sell the public that corny little creep in this day and age.") As it happens, however, nobody knows his particular day and age better than Walt Disney and no one can estimate more shrewdly the hallucinated optimism of large sections of his public.

*Pollyanna* belongs solidly in the American tradition, and it was just an accident of time that she was created in 1913. If she had happened along today she would still be the Glad Girl, able to discover the silver lining in everything, including the mushroom cloud that hangs over the Sixties. Nothing less than a ballistic missile could blast *Pollyanna* out of the heart of America.

So Disney was right in filming *Pollyanna*, as box-office figures are already beginning to prove. He was also right in keeping the original intact. To be sure he announced that he meant to present the Glad Girl in a form that "would appeal to audiences today and to their more sophisticated tastes", and with this in mind even allowed his actors to come up for air occasionally out of the sea of

treacle (e.g. Karl Malden, who as an oldtime Hell-fire preacher gives a wonderfully funny performance in the best pulpit style of William Jennings Bryan.) The lapses are rare however. Most of the time the story drips lingeringly, as though someone were unwinding molasses from a spoon, heaping it up in mounds and then allowing it to spread over every last inch of the high, wide screen.

The story, in case you may have missed it over the past fifty years, has to do with a little orphan girl who is bequeathed by her late clergyman father to her rich Aunt Polly. Polly arrives dressed in the dregs from a missionary barrel and is banished to an attic room, which raises her spirits no end. She is even gladder when she is dispatched with jellies and soup to a cross-grained hypochondriac, and before long she has the invalid making patchwork quilts for an Orphan Charity Fair and the town grouch acting as spieler in the same good cause. Everybody in the community is soon hopelessly captivated by *Pollyanna*, much as flies are captivated by tanglefoot, and even Aunt Polly succumbs when her little charge falls out of a tree when returning from one of her surreptitious errands of mercy.

Disney's triumph here is that he has presented the worst possible material in the best style imaginable. He has lavished any amount of scholarly research in making sets and detail correspond precisely to the period. His heroine, far from being a monster of goodwill, is a jolly little English girl (Hayley Mills), whose two

front teeth make her look as endearing as a Disney bunny.

And finally, he has surrounded her by a cast (including Jane Wyman, Donald Crisp, Richard Egan, Adolph Menjou and Agnes Moorehead), who are almost as expert as Disney himself in presenting commonplace people with a fantastic talent for sheer smarm. As a result *Pollyanna* will probably accomplish for our unfortunate decade exactly the miracle that "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf" did for the Depression. It will make every susceptible Disney fan feel glad, glad, glad, for no reason at all.

*Mysteries of the Sea*, which appeared on the same program as *Pollyanna*, is one of the very best of the Disney nature-studies and will probably go a long way towards reconciling glummer patrons to the other half of the bill. The picture was shot in the waters round the Bahamas, and while sea-creatures are commonplace enough in this skin-diving age, I doubt if anything like these particular sea-miracles has ever been captured before, even by the Disney cameramen.

They are shaped like fans, shawls, shovels and transparent streamers, they are all formidably equipped to survive, and they make the squid and the octopus look as commonplace as the boy next door. In fact, they may well give you a new and disturbing conception of the awful, comic imagination that lies beyond creation.

Unfortunately, this particular point of view is jubilantly over-emphasized on the sound track which just stops short of underscoring with noisy smacks the activities of that extravagant apparition, the Kissing Grunt. The musical background here is as punctual and irritating as a constant nudge in the ribs. However, this is an old complaint and probably nothing can be done about it. Like the Kissing Grunt and the Barbershop Squid, Disney has reasons which reason can't hope to understand.



"Comic imagination beyond creation".

## Chess

by D. M. LeDain

**SALUTE TO THE Space Age.** Toronto experts George Berner and Frank R. Anderson scored a "first" when they successfully undertook a tandem simultaneous exhibition against fourteen passengers high above the clouds in a plane flight from Toronto to Dallas, Tex. The setting was the passengers' lounge. The twin stars, orbiting around the group and playing alternately, defeated eleven and drew with the others.

White: T. Saila, Black: G. Berner (Canadian Championship, Winnipeg, 1953).

1.Kt-KB3, Kt-KB3; 2.P-QKt3, P-KKt3; 3.B-Kt2, B-Kt2; 4.P-K3, Castles; 5.B-K2, P-Q3; 6.P-Q4, P-K4; 7.PxP, KKt-Q2; 8. Castles, Kt-QB3; 9.QKt-Q2, KKtxP; 10. KtxKt, PxKt; 11.P-K4, Q-K2; 12.P-QR4, R-Q1; 13.Q-B1, Kt-Q5; 14.B-Q3, B-K3; 15.P-KB3? (BxKt!), B-R3!; 16.K-R1,

KtxKtP!; 17.PxKt, RxKt; 18.B-B3, QR-Q1; 19.R-B2, Q-B4!; 20.Resigns.

**Solution of Problem No. 251** (Schiffmann). Key, 1.R-KB3.

**Problem No. 252,** by F. W. Watson, Toronto.

White mates in two moves. (8 + 9)



## A Word With You

by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

### ACROSS

- What the substitute dentist was doing? (7, 3, 3)
- Isn't it strange that to put money down, one must first do this to it. (5)
- Can you track down this author? The scent is spoiled by Vera moving round inside. (9)
- Many are without feeling at first. (7)
- How romance turned an Italian place into a home of violin makers. (7)
- Fifty to one? Bid nothing, if you have the urge! (6)
- Provides change. (8)
- Science of a bomb? No, a body! (8)
- Actor at court? (6)
- There is no tea to stir in this part of U.S.S.R. (7)
- A negative approach to a 20. (7)
- Sea cut off? And air, too! (9)
- Perhaps met to sing together. (5)
- Household cavalry? (7-6)

### DOWN

- Did they work like Trojans to defend it? (5)
- Subject to the same lord. (5)
- Pleasant little street; there's none better. (6)
- The height of a thunderstorm? (3)
- Our times are backward. (3)
- Naturally a star and moon are mixed up in it at the end of the day. (9)
- Do they pull the bull by the nose? (11)
- Contributes to the actor's butterfly collection? (11)
- Vandyke hid his. (4)
- You'll get a kick out of this. (5)
- A dreamer of song had a dandy start. (9)
27. A noisy way to end your life—but not in the bath tub. (5, 3)
- A capital bean. (4)
- A newcomer to University, but no man. (6)
- Little Murgatroyd always had one, as a pet, perhaps. (5)
- Whistler's mother had fibre! (5)
- See 16
- We live in 19 one. (3)

## Puzzler

by J. A. H. Hunter

"SO YOU'LL DO THEM then," said Jack. "Don't forget I must have them all within the month."

"They won't take me that long," Joe stooped to pick up a brush from the floor of his little studio. "There'll be lots of them, but they're small pictures."

Jack smiled. "That's fine. Now we only have to agree on your fee, and I'll make you a fair offer."

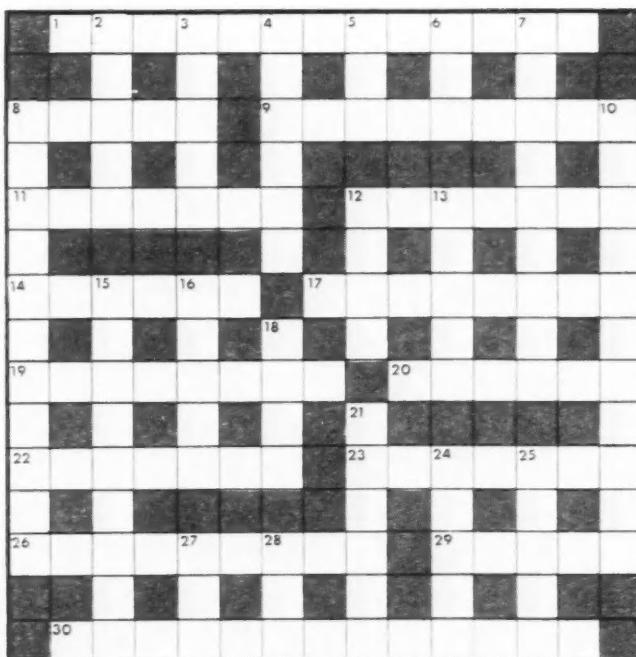
"Art for art's sake, and I'm easy," Joe told him. "Let's have it."

"Well, it may sound crazy, but maybe I'm crazy to want the job done at all," chuckled his client. "I'll give you as many dollars for each as the number I want done. But, from that amount I'll deduct a buck the first day, four bucks the second day, nine bucks the third, and so on for every day you take to finish the lot."

It was a crazy proposal, but the young artist agreed to it. And, as a result, he earned \$223 for that very fine set of little pictures.

How many did he do? (134)

Answer on Page 44.



### Solution to last puzzle

ACROSS	24. Gob	5. Arson
1. 3. Rule Britannia	26. Una	6. Nelson's Monument
9. Animals	29. Deaf ear	7. Also
10. Nestles	30. Axe-head	8. Mall
11. Toe	31. The Strand	14. Adds
12. Lee	32. Star	15. Sobs
13. 21D. Bank of England	DOWN	16. Ego
15. Sitwell	1. 25. Roast	18. Pig
17. Exposed	Beef	20. Malaria
19. Bar room	2. Leicester	21. See 13
21. Eggnoxs	Square	23. Erect
22. Squeal	3. Boswell	25. See 1D
	4. Ignoble	27. Adder
		28. Edit (501)

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### Funds and the Market

*Your article of May 14 on front-load and no-load mutual funds showed how the buyer can eliminate the 8% load, which has so far made me refuse to invest in the funds notwithstanding a belief that they are a fine medium for people like myself with little knowledge of the stock market. But before buying any funds, I would like to know whether there is any chance of stocks being pushed to unrealistic heights through the enormous number of average people who never bought stocks or bonds before now being in the market through the funds. Knowing the power of salesmen to persuade people, especially at 8% profit to themselves, it seems to me there is a possibility that the entire market may become saturated.—R.E., Vancouver.*

You display surprising common sense for a person "with little knowledge of the stock market" and your future as an investor should be bright.

The heights which stock prices have attained these last few years partially reflected the buying power of mutual funds, indirectly that of masses largely ignorant of investment principles. But even if some people were put into the market via the funds at levels above those prevailing latterly, their position—providing they don't panic and cash in at low levels—is better than if they hadn't bought, despite the 8% load.

The average man with spare cash but without the benefit of some sort of packaged investment plan such as the funds provide is a mark for unscrupulous promoters and for friends and relatives looking for a backer for a motel or coin laundry. The funds let him get his teeth into the economy, and once he's tasted the blood of regular dividends, he has a direct purpose in being thrifty.

The mutual funds were not entirely to blame for the market advance. Big shareholders were also culpable since if they had not believed in an indefinite rise they would have sold out, thus checking the advance. Another thing to be considered is the growing scarcity of good Canadian equities, as a result of pre-emptive bidding for corporate control by foreigners.

One of the fears expressed in the early days of the mutual funds was that their shareholders would panic in a decline, and the weight of their cashing-in sales would depress the market. This does not, however, seem to have been a major factor.

## Gold & Dross

And don't forget the fears were publicized by brokers who were naturally annoyed at the loss of clients to investment companies.

The salesman doesn't receive the whole 8% load but only part of it, the balance going for organization and promotional expenses and profits for fund promoters and selling organizations. The number of people with the gumption to buy a no-load fund, which they must do on their own initiative, is small. Most people will buy the front end-load fund or nothing at all, and the 8% isn't excessive considering the chance of losing their money if they don't buy the fund. The funds are performing a highly important service in marshalling the capital of the masses. More than anything else our economy is a product of thrift.

These columns have occasionally criticized selling methods of some funds pushed on the basis of their 20-year record, which is not necessarily a criterion of the future. We should like to see the funds sold exclusively on the basis of the 8% load being justified. This would give the fund buyer a better understanding of investment and perhaps make him a booster, who would shoo in other people to become fund buyers. Word-of-mouth advertising is a powerful force.

If you have any particular fund in mind, examine its recent record against that of others, rather than its 20-year performance.

### Bank of Nova Scotia

*Would you care to say a few words about the growth possibilities of Bank of Nova Scotia for a veteran reader of your valued column?—B.A., Montreal.*

Bank of Nova Scotia serves to recall one of the most recent financial wheezes: if a stock sells at 10 times earnings, it's a speculation, if it sells at 20 times earnings it's a growth situation. High price-earnings ratios are characteristic of choke growth situations, and Bank of Nova Scotia is no exception. Selling around \$58, dividend is \$2.20, yield about 3.85%. The bank reported net earnings of \$2.73 a share for the year ended October 19 19.

The market valuation reflects rapid progress. Vested in the bank is about 10% of the assets of Canada's banking system, but it has recently been opening 2% of the system's new branches. It takes no Einstein to see that it's moving fast in relation to the system, and seekers of

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R. G. MEECH,  
Secretary.

Toronto, August 12, 1960.

## Saturday Night

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growth situations have climbed aboard. Formerly regarded as a rich man's hobby, the same as a racing stable and a yacht, bank stocks have become increasingly popular with the rank and file of investors. This is the result of three factors. Firstly, service industries are recognized as substantial possible beneficiaries of economic growth, without as pronounced a need as manufacturing industries for capital injections to handle increased business. Secondly, bank stocks a few years ago were freed from the double-liability feature which often made the shareholder feel like the claims department of an insurance company. Thirdly, the "hide-bound, stuffy" banking industry is displaying an efficiency in modern sales-promotion techniques which must make some so-called advertising and public relations men wonder if they shouldn't be driving trucks.

### Steel and Algoma

*What do you think of the steels, especially Algoma Steel, in the light of the declining inflow of foreign investment for capital undertakings of the type on which the steel industry is dependent? The industry doesn't look so hot with that 65% operating rate of the summer, does it?*—E.A., Ottawa.

Admittedly, there is less foreign capital seeking employment in this country. This is partially the result of new investment opportunities in other sections of the world. But a decline in foreign money may not entirely be a reverse. It may encourage Canadians to develop their own country.

The slack in capital spending on resources and industrial development could be taken up by increasing requirements for pipelines, power, institutional and government projects, of which the steel industry would be a major beneficiary. The modern age is described by many catch words. Perhaps the closest to the mark is that the economy is one of metals, mainly steel. It is impossible to pump a drop of water, build a house or plant, or send beef to the market without using steel somewhere along the way. The outlook is for Canada's steel requirements to double in the next 20 or 25 years, and for the country to become less dependent on imports, now accounting for about 25% of consumption.

Algoma is a low-cost producer of ingots and is favorably situated to market its finished steel. It has an especially good position in relation to the market for steel, the special plate used in the pipelines carrying western gas and oil. Pipelines, too, aren't hard to envision for the land around the Great Lakes, where increased water requirements are a growing problem for both farm and industry.

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reter occurred during the week ended July 2, which included the Dominion-Day holiday, and was not a typical period. The lowest rate reached in a regular week was about 78% compared with about 43% in the U.S. By mid July the Canadian rate had snapped back to almost 85%. Steel will face its real test in the latter part of the September quarter when the extent to which buyers have let inventories get down to the bottom of the barrel is expected to be reflected in good business, which could carry into the fourth quarter.

The industry could yet earn as much in 1960 as in 1959. For Algoma this would mean a net of \$3.05 a share. In anticipation of that, the stock at around \$31, yielding almost 4%, does not appear inflated. This is a growth situation which can be included in the portfolio of the buyer of calculated risks.

## Steep Rock

As a long time subscriber to your excellent paper, I would like your opinion regarding Steep Rock Iron Mines. I hold this stock at approximately \$15 a share and it is down to \$8.25. Is there any possibility of it getting up to \$15 again? Some time ago it was thought it might pay a dividend for 1960.—L.C., Calgary.

Time for the payment of an initial dividend by Steep Rock, which has been producing since 1944, appears to be set back. There are several reasons:

1. The decline in the U.S. steel industry operating rate to 50% and less of rated capacity.
2. Uncertainties as to the excess of costs of underground mining over open-pit.
3. Costs of converting an increasing amount of production from open-pit to underground.
4. Possible capital requirements for the Lake St. Joseph concentrating project.
5. Prospective decline in earnings this year from 1959 as a result of reduced tonnage and increased costs, the latter reflecting the need of catching up with stripping operations, which fell behind last year.

Steep Rock had hoped ultimately to achieve and maintain an annual output of 5.5 million tons but may have to settle for a 3-4 million ton rate. Partially offsetting this disappointment is the outlook for revenue from the Caland Ore lease, which is now being received. This will show up importantly on the black side of the Steep Rock ledger once advance royalties of \$9.5 million have been wiped out.

Predicting a return to a \$15 level for Steep Rock in the foreseeable future is something of which only a swami or tipster would be guilty. It may, however, be

said that the stock could respond smartly to a revival of interest in iron-mining speculations, to an improved operating rate by the U.S. steel industry, or to favorable developments at the St. Joseph project. In the meantime, the stock market is dominated by investors wanting some return on their money and non dividend-paying securities are out of fashion.

## Splits and Rises

I saw in the paper where Consumers Gas stock was strong because of a proposal to split it three for one. This is not the first time I have noticed stocks go up on splits. How is this possible since no economic value is added by a split?—M.H., Vancouver.

The theory of stock splitting is that more shareholders will be attracted to a lower-priced stock. This sometimes puts the stock up through the workings of the law of supply and demand.

Consumers Gas is splitting its stock to increase the shareholder base, one object being to increase the chance of success of future financing. If a company offered subscription rights, and large shareholders sold the rights so as to take advantage of what is in effect a tax-free dividend, pressure on the market could make the rights offering a failure. Running a corporation is not unlike being in the insurance business, the wider the risk, the better.

Consumers now has 9,000 shareholders, overwhelmingly in Ontario. More shareholders would help its public relations. Stock splits in other large companies have increased the number of shareholders 15% to 20%.

## In Brief

What happened to Cournor Mining?—K.F., Montreal.

Went through the wringer and came out as Courvan Mining, one new for two old.

What's the status of Rix-Athabasca Uranium?—R.J., Halifax.

Putting Beaverlodge mine on ice; will seek ore elsewhere.

How's Willroy doing?—F.M., Winnipeg.

Could be out of debt by spring of 1963, if metal prices hold.

Any hope of Barnat doing better faster?—A.H., London.

Profits depend on low costs and high milling rate.

What's the outlook for Cassiar Asbestos?—C.W., Vancouver.

Earnings on a par with last year under favorable market for asbestos.

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# Let's Move the People Out of West Berlin

by Paul Monroe

I suppose I must be a sentimental person, but I have a peculiar wish that my children should die of old age, in bed—and not in a nuclear holocaust, with their boots on. To achieve this end I would be prepared to make many sacrifices, but none that sacrificed them, or any other person, to the domination of Soviet tyranny against their will.

As I contemplate this problem, the most dangerous trip wire set to trigger a nuclear holocaust seems to me to be the wire that leads to West Berlin. In this business of kicking around in the grass for trip wires I do not ignore the one which leads to Formosa. But by all reasonable standards of measurement there is a good deal more tension in the former than the latter.

What are we trying to defend in West Berlin? Is it the sanctity of the Potsdam Agreement and the German Peace Treaty? Certainly not. Both of the two major powers have contracted out of these agreements a score of times in the past fifteen years.

Are we attempting to maintain a Western bridgehead in the Soviet Zone, against the day when we shall undertake the liberation of Eastern Europe? Surely not. Even Chancellor Adenauer appears to have abandoned German re-unification as a realistic objective in our time. And for those who have not abandoned this objective, what is the strategic and military value of West Berlin? Its military position is wholly untenable. True, it has served in recent years as an intelligence sounding board, but judging from the record it is doubtful whether the West has even managed to hold its own in the Berlin espionage game.

Why do we want to hold West Berlin? Plainly and simply because we are not prepared to give up to Communism, without a fight, two million West Berliners who have rejected that ideology at some considerable cost to their own comfort and safety. That is the guarantee the West has given West Berlin. It is a guarantee which is morally proper, and which we must not withdraw. Indeed, I personally do not believe we should transfer to the Soviet area of control, by agreement, even a dozen Western democrats who wish to preserve their freedom and their way of life. This is a question of first principle upon which our generation must man the barricades and assume the attendant risks.

But are the risks really necessary? Is this, in fact, an either-or proposition? If we are seeking an alternative solution which does not violate a first principle of either side, then we shall have to attempt to understand the Soviet point of view on Berlin, and its relation to their first principles. How does Moscow feel about the presence of two million tub-thumping Western democrats a hundred miles within its zone of influence, but wholly outside its control. West Berlin looks in Moscow just about the same way a Soviet controlled city of Winnipeg (ten times the size) would look to Washington. West Berlin is a thorn in the side of the Soviet body politic, and the longer the thorn stays, the more it festers.

The logic of common sense is undoubtedly with the Russians. Moreover, the West's legal claim to the territory of West Berlin collapsed with their abrogation of the Potsdam agreements and the Peace Treaty with Germany. The four-power agreement for the control of Berlin is now an historical, not a legal document.

The Russians have endured this festering thorn because they have preferred it to the risks of nuclear war implicit in removing the thorn. But how long can this go on? I am reminded of a friend of mine some years ago who had a very bad carbuncle on the back of his hand, and who did not have access to medical attention. He poulticed it for several days, but it did not clear up. Finally one morning about two o'clock, half out of his mind with pain, he went downstairs, got out his straight razor and lanced it. How long can Russia endure the pain until she is driven to a similar desperate expedient? Heaven knows we have poulticed the Berlin infection for an unconscionable length of time, and the vagaries of Mr. Khrushchev's actions since the summit breakdown suggest that time may be running out.

How much effort are we in the West prepared to put forth in order to remove what is far and away the most serious threat to world peace and security? "No price is too great," we might answer, "as long as we do not sacrifice first principles in the process."

Well, if my argument holds water, the people of West Berlin, not its territory are the true objects of our moral commitments. Culturally and philosophically West Berlin is a complete anomaly in its present location. Economically it is already as much a part of West Germany as if it were situated on the banks of the Weser.

And so to my major thesis. Why not situate West Berlin on the banks of the Weser, or any other spot outside the iron curtain that makes good economic and geographical sense? Why not move the people of West Berlin, and for that matter, any of its architectural landmarks which are worth preservation, lock, stock and barrel, from East to West Germany. And whatever may be left, present it to the East Germans with our compliments.

There should be no shortage of talent in post-war West Germany for building new cities out of old. Let the free world join with West Germany in the construction of a new German capital, along the lines of Canberra, or Brasilia; but to the dusty bureaucracy now housed in Bonn add the economic and industrial vigor of West Berlin. Build, from the ground up, a city which all the Free World may regard with a sense of pride and personal accomplishment.

There are, I believe, only two problems which must be resolved for this proposal to become practical. First, will the Russians agree? Well, no one can answer that but the Russians. I suggest we ask them. I would predict that the Russian bear, like Androcles's lion, will not object to the removal of the thorn.

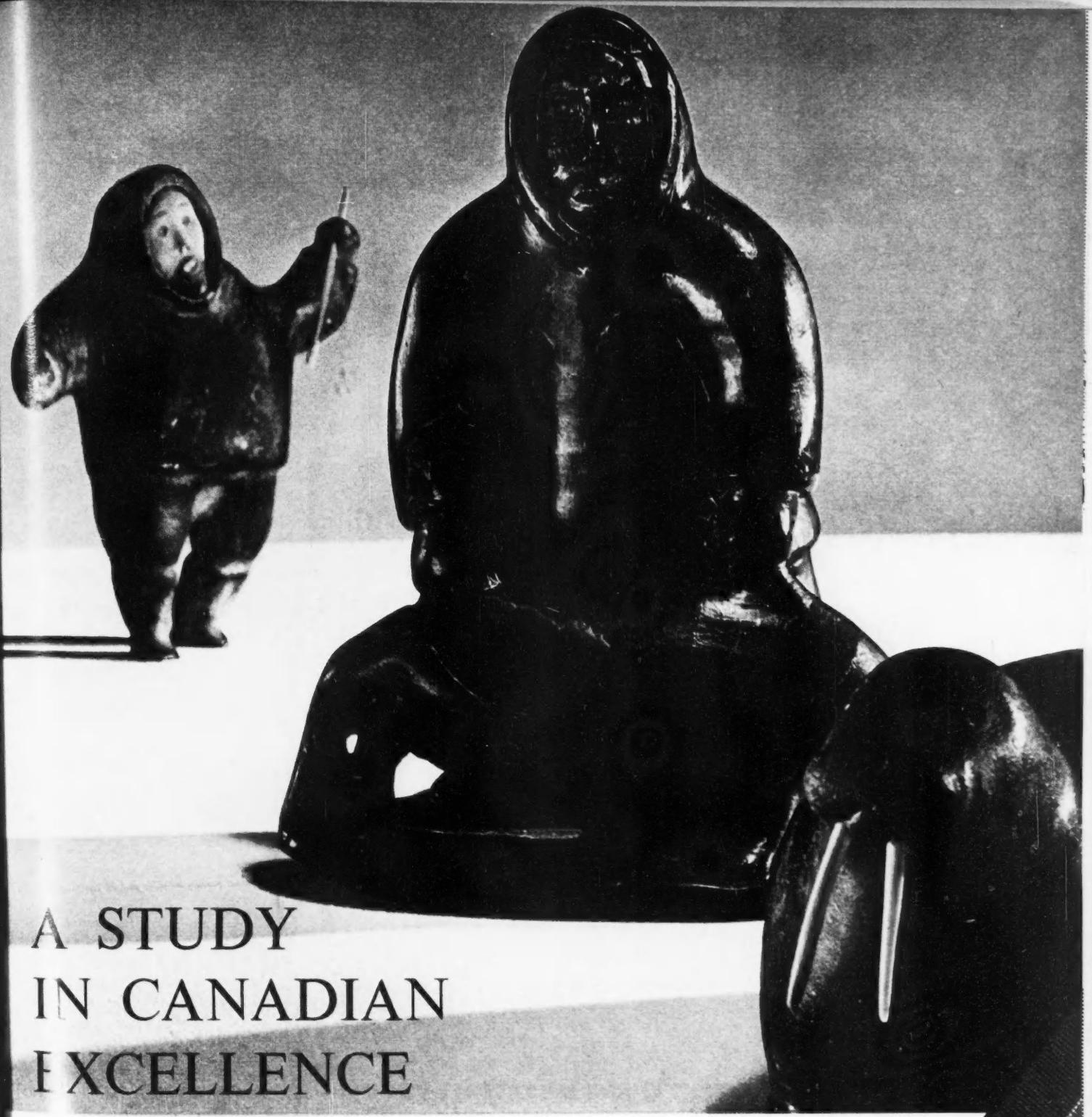
The second problem is—who will bear the cost? When I look at the military budgets of the NATO powers I wonder why I consider this a problem. Half of the money which the States has poured into Bomarc, the United Kingdom into Blue Streak, and Canada into the Arrow would see the project well on its way toward completion. Add to this half of the cost of other NATO military failures, and we could pave the streets of New Berlin with marble and fashion its street lights from gold.

Or better still, levy a one per cent "New Berlin" tax on the income of every citizen of a NATO country, so that all might feel, as I would, that he had personally done something to reduce East-West tension, and thereby, to secure the future of his children.

---

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